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TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6^d.



MR. HENRY IRVING AS KING LEAR.

DRAWN BY J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

No one can deny that this is a philanthropic age, especially as regards sanitary matters. No sooner does any disease seriously threaten the community than money is subscribed and hospitals are erected for the express purpose of combating it. It is, therefore, not surprising that, in order to cope with the growing evils of overculture, it is in contemplation of founding an asylum for persons educated beyond their wits. Of the pressing need of some such institution it is hardly necessary to speak. No one who mixes with his fellow-creatures who belong to the so-called educated classes is so fortunate as not to have been brought into contact with sufferers of this class. The signs of the disorder are only too manifest: in even the mildest cases there is a feverish thirst for information and a passionate desire to impart it to others; the tongue becomes elongated, and, strangely enough, also the words it uses; they are often unintelligible to the person addressed, not because they are foreign, though the patient has a tendency to use foreign words, but from their rarity. When a thought is expressed, which does not, however, happen very often, it is clothed in obscurity and is always somebody else's thought. Whatever kind of profession the patient pursues he invariably calls it his "art." He will talk about it to you till your knees (to borrow an expression from his favourite literature, the Classics) are loosened with dismay. He tells you that he "only lives for his art," and is prepared, if necessary, to die for it; but he never reaches this extremity. Overculture is not (one had almost said "unhappily") a fatal disorder. Its victims thrive on it, so far as their physical condition is concerned, as is often the case in mental diseases. Their mind, not very strong, perhaps, to begin with, is overwhelmed by the weight of learning that has been imposed upon it; it is like an accident in a sandpit when the soil comes in upon the worker, only much more gradually. Sometimes, when the disease is in an incipient state, you catch sight of the mind feebly stirring under its burden, but its final suffocation is merely a matter of time.

A case is reported of a person of ordinary abilities who was persuaded to read the Hundred Best Books. It was watched by an expert from month to month. The patient became duller and duller. After the fiftieth book he could say nothing that was not in the books, but took an extraordinary delight in quoting from them. After the hundredth book he babbled; nobody knew what he meant to say, and least of all himself. The expert had reason to believe that the patient's mind—though it was, of course, no longer visible—would be found to be completely flattened out between the seventy-fourth book and the rest of them. The object of the new Hospital Society is to give relief to these unhappy sufferers by raising this superincumbent mass as the skull is lifted by the operation of trepanning. In many cases, however, this would be dangerous: there is no knowing what a mind would do used only to read and not to think, and suddenly finding itself at liberty. It is proposed, therefore, that the same system should be employed as at Earlswood, though in detail exactly opposite. The imbecile is gradually brought to reason by being led from the lower to the higher literature—from "Mother Goose," for example, to "The Pilgrim's Progress"; the victim of overculture who has had a great deal too much of "the higher literature" is to be brought down (let us say) from Plato to the *Family Herald*. The too-devoted disciple of Browning will be carefully fed on Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," and he who has studied George Meredith not wisely but too well will be given "The Wide, Wide World" as a substitute. It is hoped that after some years of this change of mental pabulum those who have been educated not too far beyond their wits may be mercifully brought back to them. Subscriptions are said to be pouring in, and even the motto of the institution, to be inscribed over its central gate, has been decided upon: "Don't overdo it." The wealthy widow of a well-known Professor has, it is said, promised to endow a special wing for Prigs, in memory of her late husband.

There was never, one supposes, so much proselytism, or attempts to proselytise, of all kinds as there is now. It formerly used to be confined to theological matters. Some sect grew more powerful than its rivals, and when it felt itself strong enough began to proselytise, chiefly by burning the others alive. Having, as it thought, "secured the impression of St. Peter's keys in wax," and discovered to the smallest detail how matters were to go on in the next world, it piously heightened its charms by making this one as bad as it could be. As time went on, it began to be considered, by mathematicians and others, that the probability of this sect—one of a hundred thousand or so—being exactly right was too small to justify these high-handed proceedings, and proselytism got to be a good deal mitigated; but it always maintained its principle, which was not so much to paint its own faith in alluring colours as to denounce and blacken the faiths of other people. What is very curious, the same system has been universally adopted by proselytisers who have

nothing to do with theology whatever. "Denunciation, not Recommendation," seems the motto of every one of them. The language a popular divine has been lately using against smokers, for example, only wants bell, book, and candle to rival the palmiest days of anathema. He calls it, among other little names, "the pastime of perdition"; he says it "ends in cancer or apoplexy," and expresses his opinion that "no intelligent person ever puts a cigar in his mouth." This is his idea of proselytising, though not, as has been shown, his own idea. Yet he knows perfectly well that nobody will believe him who is not also a proselytiser and in the same line as himself. "Why does he, *does* he, do so?" Why does he not, instead, endeavour to prove that "not smoking" is delightful? Has it no charms except of a negative character—such as not producing cancer and apoplexy? What does the reverend gentleman do when his diseased and unintelligent friends are smoking? He can't, surely, always be preaching. Does he whistle, or whittle, or what? And whatever it is, why doesn't he recommend it instead of smoking? Our teetotal friends proselytise after the same fashion. "Why," they say, "do you drink claret, which is really worse than brandy, because it suggests the idea of moderation, which (on account of its insidious character) is practically worse than excess? Why, why, will you destroy yourselves, spiritually and temporally, by that hateful lager beer?" One would think it would naturally occur to them to recommend some non-alcoholic but agreeable liquid in place of these poisonous drinks. But they have none. (I say this with confidence, for on a previous occasion when I suggested this difficulty the proprietor of a teetotal liquid wrote to me quite an indignant letter about it. "I send you," he said, "a dozen of my non-alcoholic ale, which you will find delicious"; but it never came.) I have tried their "sherberts" and things with the most painful results; and though there is Adam's ale, of course, the doctors say unless it is filtered it is dangerous, and when it is filtered it is flat. One can understand a good man, with a turn for persuasion, imploring us to give up vice, but not unless he has virtue to offer us in its place; but these people have apparently nothing to offer except their indignation at our enjoying ourselves. Proselytism in these days, in short, as in the days of old, is only another name for persecution.

There is an exceedingly humorous article in the *American Critic* upon "The Wide, Wide World," which is reported (and I think it is very likely) to be "one of the four books most read in England." I have always contended that, with the exception of a very few works of transcendent genius, the best chance for great popularity is for a book to be commonplace: the intelligence of the author must be only just a little ahead of that of the million, if the million is to read him. But "The Wide, Wide World," though dull to extremity, is not dry—it is wet, wet with tears from cover to cover. The writer in the *Critic* has made a careful analysis of the book, and finds its heroine, a delicate child, bursts into tears so often that no constitution in real life could stand it. She does not, indeed, always "burst," but her tears are unceasing. The Chelsea Waterworks, to which Sam Weller compared Job Trotter, were "not in it" by comparison. She indulges in "agonies of tears," and "hides her face in a towel," because a handkerchief is not sufficient to absorb them. Her voice is "broken by sobs"; her tears "choke her"; they "run down her face and frock"; they "fall into her lap"; they blind her. On one occasion only she put sufficient restraint upon herself to abstain from them; "but her agitation was so excessive that she shrieked," and that brought them down pretty quick, as noise brings down an avalanche. She weeps everywhere—"on her pillow," of course (that becomes a mere sponge); "on a rock"; on a friend's neck; on her Bible, and on her cat—and yet this convulsive weeping, we are told, "only exhausted her." It would have killed any healthy child. The book seems to have been the unconscious pioneer of the present pessimistic novel, in which, if all the characters do not cry so much, they have, on the other hand, more to cry about. It is fair to say, however, that this lachrymose little heroine is not always miserable. On one occasion she gets a letter which gives her great pleasure; then she "cries for joy." The book is very cheap, but one would think it could hardly stand, as advertised, a "paper cover."

The story of the youth of tender years who fell a victim to the beauty of Dolladeen, a doll that winked its eyes, is well known, but lacks confirmation. There are also many narratives current of children of a larger growth who have preferred paintings of fair women—irreverently termed "canvas-backed ducks"—to their originals, but they can hardly be called trustworthy. They may, it has even been suggested, be inventions of the painters to magnify the power of their art. An instance of devotion to a picture has, however, lately occurred in real life, which may henceforth be cited by Academicians. A person so fell in love with the picture of "The Renunciation of St. Elizabeth," by Mr. Calderon—a work, by-the-bye, that did not meet with universal acceptance—that he was induced to follow the saint's reputed example, and a little too literally, for like herself he began his renunciation of the

world by renouncing his clothes. This he did in church, in presence of the congregation, and very little time seems to have been allowed to ladies to leave the building. The officiating curate and his surplice were, however, equal to the occasion, and the enthusiast was removed before the sacrifice was complete.

Some people are so unlucky; it begins with their boyhood, or perhaps even earlier. I knew a boy at Eton who was told "to stay" (i.e. for the purpose of being "swished") no less than five times, and each time (as he said, and appealed for pardon on that plea) for his "first fault." In the criminal courts this amazing ill-fortune is quite common. The person in the dock, to judge by his own evidence (and he really ought to know best), is always there for the first time. On the unique occasion when he has stained a blameless life by some little misdemeanour, he is always found out. Fortune never seems to give these poor fellows a second chance. One would think they would give up their dishonest life from the conviction that such successive ill-luck proved they were not adapted for that line of business—a low ground, of course, but better than nothing—and for the rest of their lives tread the paths of virtue; but "their thought" (as they say in Lancashire) "is different," and in the end (caught, perhaps, in their very first murder) they come to be hanged. An extreme example of this ill-fortune occurred to an individual the other night, who, it is alleged, was induced by another man (who, of course, got off) to commit a highway robbery on the Embankment. The thing was quite new to him (he said). He had never been on the Embankment before except to sing with the Salvation Army. They found a young man apparently suitable to their purpose, but he had, unfortunately, neither watch nor money. One would have supposed this was ill-luck enough for a highwayman's first evening. But the young man turned out to be a policeman in plain clothes. One need not say how the adventure—or misadventure—ended; but as an instance of bad luck it would be hard to find its fellow.

The death of Mr. Samuel Brandram deprives us of our most accomplished Shaksperian reciter, and something more. He was not only "letter perfect" in all that he undertook, but an admirable actor. It was wonderful to note the alterations and inflections of his voice, as it were, at a moment's notice, when, for instance, he was reciting the short speeches, scarcely more than sentences, which are given sometimes to the different characters in "Twelfth Night." Let any ordinary reader try these aloud, and he will appreciate the extreme difficulty of the performance. Regret was often expressed that he did not display this talent on the stage; but that would have been an intellectual waste—the exchange of a dozen actors for one, with the total loss of the actresses. Mr. Brandram's memory was simply marvellous. I once expressed my wonder to him that it was so, since he had far overpassed the period of life at which the memory is supposed to decay. "That," he replied, "is a popular delusion; the memory is strong in youth because it is constantly employed, it is weak in age because we have other people to remember for us, or for other reasons cease to exercise it. I exercise it more than ever, and therefore it grows stronger instead of weaker." This I thought very comforting. "But when do you learn your new plays?" I asked. "Oh! at odd times; chiefly when I am shaving. I stick the book up by the looking-glass, and the two operations are carried on together." As to prompting, I once asked him whether he always had the book he was reciting from at hand. "Never," he said; "that would be fatal: I burn my boats." I understood him to say that some members of his family, however, felt some nervousness, though he had none, and did not attend a first recital.

Mr. Barry Pain, after a somewhat stormy embarkation on the sea of letters, appears to have got into smooth waters. Those who despise the new humour seem, at all events, to have given up expressing contempt for the new humourist. The fair-minded will, I think, acknowledge that the last collection of his contributions to the periodicals is very creditable. There is a good deal of fun in "Playthings and Parodies," and it is almost all intelligible. "The Sincerest Form of Fattery" shows a very pretty aptitude for reproducing other writers' styles, and "The Hundred Gates" are well worth opening and even getting through. The humorous exaggeration displayed in "Home Pets," though apart from that attribute as displayed by Transatlantic writers, is quite as good in its way. "Curates as Pets" is excellent: "During the Christmas season they lie in a jungle of evergreens, sucking tin tacks and watching their parishioners fall off ladders. The greatest objection to them, of course, is that they will work on Sunday." What is amiss with the little book is that the articles are too scrappy and the amusement in each case too shortlived; as the child complained in the matter of stroking the kitten's back, we "get too soon to the end of it." It seems as though Mr. Pain had no space to "spread himself" in. This drawback is, however, a small one, and easily remedied, and the book is an undeniable advance upon its predecessors.

AMERICA'S NEW POLITICAL ERA.

BY HAROLD FREDERIC.

At last one may fairly say that the War is over. True, the echoes of its last shots died away in the Virginia hills nearly twenty-eight years ago, but it is only now that the partisan passions and prejudices incited by that great struggle, and the rearrangement of political forces compelled thereby, are definitely at an end. The election on Nov. 8 not only decreed a change in party control at Washington; it relegated to history a whole political epoch, and opened for the Republic a fresh clean page.

The cable-telegraph has rather loosely likened the present commanding victory of Mr. Cleveland to that of Washington. We need not go so far back for parallels. The fifth President of the United States, James Monroe, was elected practically without opposition. In 1832, in 1852, and on two occasions since the War—in 1868 and in 1872—the victorious Presidential candidate had a larger proportionate majority over his competitor than that given this month to the Democratic nominee. But one might search through all the records of the Republic in vain for any other election comparable with this in actual political and general significance. In no other has there ever been such boltlike directness of popular action, such a tremendous manifestation of a people as distinguished from their politicians. President Monroe's undisputed triumph in the twenties meant that there was nothing to fight about. The later huge party successes, Democratic before the War, Republican after the War, showed merely how a dominant party in the full tide of its strength could override and scatter a disorganised opposition. This election of 1892 wears a wholly different face. It is neither more nor less than a political revolution.

Students who review the history of the United States during the ten years preceding the War cannot fail to be amazed at the obtuse obstinacy with which the great and powerful Democratic party forced itself upon the rocks, ignoring all signs of danger, and defiantly going to smash in the teeth of common-sense. It was the party of wealth, of commerce, of the bulk of such culture as then obtained. It had a firm, almost historic, hold upon all the departments of Government; it numbered among its professed adherents a great majority of the American people; it was the custodian of the Jeffersonian theory of democratic institutions, which on its own merits increasingly commended itself to all the more stable elements of the country. Yet, as we read it now, it deliberately wrecked itself for the defence of a thing which could not be defended, and which it seems incredible now that any intelligent man could have deemed defensible. Nothing but the theory of original perversity can begin to explain the resolve of the old Democratic party to stand or fall by Slavery.

One needs some such doctrine of inherent mulishness similarly to explain now the astonishing way in which the official Republican party sacrificed itself on the altar of McKinleyism. It seems literally beyond belief that these leaders caught no hint of what was coming, read none of the omens of popular wrath aright. Yet that appears to have been the case. Their speeches during the closing weeks of the campaign were more vehemently and rabidly High-Protectionist than ever; their final appeals were for the authority, under a new lease of power, to pile still further battlements upon their Chinese Tariff Wall. Their party organisation marched thus, with confident hearts and banners flying, plump into the abyss.

It is not unlikely that what has survived this catastrophe will emerge under another name. The great Republican party, which came into power with Lincoln and Sumner, and was virile enough to outlive its Grants and Colfaxes, seems now to have gone the way of all flesh under Harrison and Quay. The historical arguments are all against its resuscitation. The majority of nearly half-a-million citizens who have voted against it did not do so with merely a disciplinary warning in view. They voted to destroy it, to send it to bear the shades of Federalism and Whiggery company in "the limbo of the played-out." When, four years hence, an opposition arrays itself to contest the election of Mr. Cleveland's party successor, the chances are that that opposition will not call itself Republican. By that time new issues will have shaped themselves, and discussion and party combat will be ranged on new lines.

There could not be desired a more inspiring augury for this new era, to be inaugurated next March, than is furnished by the character of the President-elect. Although he was a man grown at the time of the War, he belongs absolutely, exclusively to the new issues. Mr. Cleveland might have come of age in the late seventies, so detached does he seem from all the bitter animosities and deep emotions of our War politics, and so strictly are his aims and feelings concentrated upon the things of to-day. This fact is of the utmost importance. The events of the past six months, beginning with his phenomenal victory over the politicians of his own party and his own State, and ending with his astonishing national triumph, show that Mr. Cleveland possesses a personal authority among his fellow-countrymen of all sections which, perhaps, no other American has wielded since Andrew Jackson's time. This influence will be used frankly and directly toward taking men's minds off the obsolete and dead issues of the past and focussing them upon the present. The great economic and social problems which press upon the Republic for solution will have the field to themselves, and will be threshed out and decided on their own merits in the daylight, instead of being confusedly groped after in a fog of sectional antipathies and "old-soldier" sentimentality.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON: LOOKING EASTWARD.

BY WALTER BESANT.

In every picture—in every map—of any part of London there is always, even to one who has long pored over the map and walked up and down the streets, a certain mystery—something unexpected is always discovered by him who patiently examines, reads, and puts things together.

Here we look down upon the City: nearly the whole of London as it was lies at our feet. Here is the little city which has but 40,000 residents and yet a million tenants. The tenants go away at night and come back in the morning, leaving the residents to walk up and down the empty stairs and watch the ghosts in the empty streets.

London can only be studied when the tenants are away—on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday. From this house-top let us, standing beside the artist, make a few notes. First we mark below us the great City arteries. Formerly there was but one: the chief street of the City led from the Roman Fort—a fragment of which was found the other day deep down in Cornhill—to what was afterwards called the Gate of Lud. There it is still, below us on our right: the Saxons called it Watling Street. They made two more broad streets—Chepe in the north and the Street of Thames in the south; connecting these main streets were little streets running north and south, like Old Change, Friday Street, and Bread Street—there they are, at our feet—and in the older parts of the City, that lying just above Thames Street a labyrinth of little streets of which an almost untouched fragment remains just beyond the right-hand corner of our picture. Mark next how all the streets

Royal. In this parish lived Whittington, greatest of London citizens; here he was buried till the Fire of London calcined his marble tomb, destroyed his coat-of-arms and turned his venerated bones to dust; here he founded a college. When you come down from this height you should go and look behind the church. The college is gone, but there is still a gateway with something of the air of a college about the buildings within. Beyond this church is a great boiler—the Cannon Street Terminus. It signifies nothing to most of those who go in and out by train except a terminus. Yet remember that it stands on the spot where for three hundred years the Hansatic merchants had their college and their warehouses. For here was the Steelyard. Beyond it—doomed to destruction by the greedy reformer who cannot leave the old things alone, because he always wants more money—is the church in whose parish stood the Steelyard. Go visit that church: you will see a most beautiful screen of carved wood-work; it was given to the church by the merchants of Hamburg in memory of their long connection with the City. At the back of it is a churchyard, laid out in a pretty little garden, still preserving the form of its ancient cloister. But it is doomed—it must go. It makes one rage and use the worst of language only to think of the destruction of the City churches. Some day I will draw up a list of the destructions, with the memories and associations of the past—the things that can never be replaced—the things which those who dwell in new countries envy us—which have been swept away with them. This picture recalls too many of these sites. I must stop; I cannot go on until I have read aloud and with expression a certain Psalm written expressly, I believe, to meet the case of those who tear down and destroy the ancient places.

[A View of London, looking Westward, was published in the *Illustrated London News* of Nov. 9, 1889.]

MRS. CLEVELAND.

Very few of the wives of the later American Presidents have attracted widespread attention, and none, saving the late Mrs. Hayes, has attempted to identify herself with public movements. As a rule, they have come to the White House late in life, and have been more than sufficiently occupied by the wearing routine of unaccustomed social labour imposed upon them. Mrs. Cleveland shines as a brilliant exception. Her wedding in the Executive Mansion six years ago is a unique incident in the rather sombre history of that home of authority, and her youth, beauty, and exceptional charm of manner give her a place quite apart in the list of Presidents' wives. Her return to the official leadership of Washington society will be not least among the notable changes decreed by the ballot-boxes last week.

DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN PARIS.

The atrocious crime perpetrated by the Anarchist conspirators in Paris on Tuesday, Nov. 8, though originally planned to take effect at the offices of the Carmaux Mining Company in the Avenue de l'Opéra, is not ascribed to any of the labouring men recently engaged in the strike at Carmaux. Their dispute with the company and its managers had been terminated a few days before, and the men who had been punished for inciting to riot and violence were in the way to be admitted to employment. The explosive bomb did no harm at the Carmaux Company's offices, being promptly removed to the neighbouring police office in the Rue des Bons Enfants; but there, by some unskilful handling, it killed Pousset, the secretary to the police-station, Inspector Troutot, Brigadier Formorin, and Réaux, a policeman, as well as Garin, a messenger or light porter of the Carmaux Company, who had called the police to help him in disposing of the suspected parcel. A policeman, who seems to have been previously affected by heart disease, had run from another station, and died of the shock. It is probable that the deaths of these official guardians of the public peace, and the spectacle of such frightful havoc as is shown by our Illustrations in the offices of a Commissary of Police, served the ends of the Anarchist conspiracy far more effectually than would have been done by blowing up the offices of the Carmaux Company.

The instrument of destruction was a large closed metal vessel, filled with from sixteen to twenty pounds of dynamite, with many capsules of fulminate, but without any clockwork. It was wrapped in an old newspaper, and was so constructed that it would be ignited by being set down on one side, but not on the other side; hence it did not explode at the door where it was first laid, but on the table at the police office. Care should have been taken to examine both sides before putting it on the table. There is some evidence that it was brought into the house at the Avenue de l'Opéra by a person dressed as a woman, who was seen carrying upstairs a basket without a lid, containing a similar parcel. The damage at the house in the Rue des Bons Enfants is principally on the first and second storeys of the building, and has not affected the front walls, which are eighteen inches thick.

The Municipality of Paris at once passed resolutions expressing their indignation and granting pensions to the families of the victims. M. Loubet, the Prime Minister, personally visited the families, and attended, on Friday, Nov. 11, the public funeral in the Montparnasse Cemetery, accompanied by M. Ricard, Minister of Justice, M. Lozé, Prefect of Police, and M. Santon, President of the Municipal Council. A German named Victor Rabé, a journeyman furrier, from Leipsic, has been arrested on suspicion; and proofs of his correspondence with the Anarchists, with recipes for manufacturing explosives, have been found at his lodgings.



Photo by Sarony, New York.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND,
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.

converge to one point—the front of the Royal Exchange. This was not the centre of the City in Whittington's time. It became the centre first when Gresham built his Bourse. Its centrality was officially recognised when the Bank of England, in 1734, moved here from its old quarters in Grocers' Hall: it was finally established when the Mansion House was built in 1745, and when, in this century, the Royal Exchange was built facing the open Place, and the new avenues, King William Street and Queen Victoria Street, were constructed to run into it. There are now six main streets which lead into this Place, without counting the two lanes of Walbrook and St. Swithin. Was it by design or by accident that this spot was fixed upon as the City centre, when it is really the centre of the ancient City bounded by its wall? We must remember that the growth of London beyond those boundaries is a thing of little more than a hundred and fifty years. It is, indeed, marvellous to consider how modern nearly the whole of London really is. Look at that round garden, figured in the left-hand of the picture. That is Finsbury Circus. The street running along the front of it is London Wall. Early in the last century the wall was still standing in places—the ditch was not yet quite filled up—and beyond the wall, except for a gathering of houses here and there, the ground lay still in fields and gardens. Look again. There is the Church of St. Botolph, Aldgate. Beyond is now a wilderness of houses, with factory chimneys blackening the mists that rise from the low-lying grounds of East London. At the beginning of this century beyond Whitechapel were market gardens, fields, and farms.

I love not the new broad streets cut and carved ruthlessly through the ancient lanes; I love rather to walk among what is left and to remember what happened long ago in these streets. Look, for instance, on the right-hand of the picture, where you can just make out the line of Thames Street. You see a white tower beyond Queen Street, which was formerly Soper's Lane; you will know it because it leads to Southwark Bridge. That is the Church of St. Michael's Paternoster



MRS. CIBBER AS CORDELIA IN NAHUM TATE'S ADDED SCENE OF "KING LEAR."

(CORDELIA RESCUED BY EDGAR FROM RUFFIANS.)

From a Picture by Peter van Bleeck.

THE MOST FAMOUS CORDELIA.

The scene in which Mrs. Cibber, the most famous Cordelia of stage tradition, is represented in the picture which Peter van Bleeck painted in 1755 is one which will be looked for vainly in Shakspeare's play. Cordelia in our Lyceum production has no such melodramatic opportunity as an attempted abduction by two ruffians and an heroic rescue at the hands of an adoring lover. We who are, as Professor Dowden justly boasted in these columns last week, nearer Shakspeare in spirit than were our ancestors during the "palmiest days" of the drama, sit in our critical stalls and hug ourselves at our appreciation of the simple grandeur of the great Shaksperian tragedies—and no doubt we have some reason. But I sometimes wonder how the actors like the merciless cutting away of the choice claptraps endeared to them by the traditions of their fathers and the applause of countless audiences. Does Mr. Irving himself, for instance, when he is playing Richard the Crookback, never feel a longing to cry—

Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain!
Conscience, avaunt! Richard's himself again!

or to deliver himself of that effective line, of which Genest thought so highly that he speculated whether it was possible that Cibber could in some happy moment have produced it out of his own head—

Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!

I do not know how the actors look at these matters, but I can quite imagine that, if Miss Terry has (for her sins) been reading all that I and others have been writing about the grand melodramatic opportunities which Nahum Tate gave to Cordelia in his improved version of "King Lear," we unthinking scribes may have been sowing the seeds of trouble for Mr. Irving. Who knows that the Lyceum Cordelia may not one day inform King Lear that she thinks it most unreason-

able that she should be bundled off in the very first scene with a prosaic husband, instead of having several high-flown love-scenes, a romantic disguise, an attempted abduction, a rescue, a narrow escape from being murdered (on the stage), and an orthodox happy wind-up by marrying Edgar and living happily ever after? But let Miss Terry be consoled! With all the chances which Tate gave his heroine, no actress can ever have produced a profounder impression in the character than Miss Terry does, and, assuredly, no one has ever looked more charmingly suited for the part of the gentle young princess.

Cordelia is a part which, in spite of Tate's writing-up, has made fewer reputations than any other leading Shaksperian character. In fact, only one actress, Mrs. Cibber, has had her name prominently associated with it. Susanna Maria Cibber was the sister of Dr. Arne, the musician, and was unfortunate enough to be the wife of Theophilus Cibber, the singularly rascally son of old Colley. She was originally a singer, but her father-in-law is said to have seen in her the promise of a great actress, and to have given her the benefit of his careful tuition. As an actress she had an extraordinary range, being without rival in the expression of love, grief, and tenderness, as well as in the delineation of jealousy and frantic rage. But it is the gentler side of her genius that always appeals to me most, and I like to think of her as "the most pathetic of all actresses," as Tom Davies called her. Her name is identified with Ophelia, with Constance in "King John," with Alicia in "Jane Shore," with Juliet, Belvidera, and Cordelia. Her excellence seems to have arisen, as Miss Terry's does now, from keen sensibility and simple directness of expression. As her great contemporary, James Quin, said: "That woman has a heart, and can do anything where passion is required." So natural and untheatrical was she that Tate Wilkinson, one of the most extraordinary mimics that ever lived, confessed she was inimitable. Garrick, Quin, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Crawford, and other great players he could

imitate so exactly as to convey a perfect idea of their distinguishing characteristics—nay, so wonderful were his powers that, although old and very plain-looking, he could make his face resemble that of the lovely Peg Woffington—yet he was forced to allow that "Mrs. Cibber's excellence was of that superior kind that he could only retain her in his mind's eye."

Of her personal appearance Van Bleeck's picture gives, as far as it is possible to judge, an excellent idea, agreeing fully with the more formal portrait which was painted by Thomas Hudson. Davies says that "there was in her countenance a small share of beauty; but nature had given her such symmetry of form and fine expression of feature that she preserved all the appearance of youth long after she had reached to middle life."

It may be interesting to give the exact passage which our engraving illustrates. Lear's mad scene on the Desert Henth (act iii.) has just ended, and the King has been carried off by Kent and Gloster, when Cordelia and Aranthie, her attendant, enter in search of the King. Two ruffians, hired by Edmund to carry off Cordelia, on whom he has wicked designs, dog their footsteps and seize the Princess. Then the scene proceeds—

Cordelia. Help—murder!—help—Gods, some kind thunderbolt
To strike me dead!

Aranthe. Help! Help!

Enter EDGAR from the hovel.

Edgar. What cry was that? Ha, women seiz'd by ruffians!

Is this a place and time for villainy?

Avaunt, ye bloodhounds!

(Drives them off with his quarter-staff.)

The Edgar is probably a portrait of Havard, who was the recognised representative of the part. His costume, it will be noticed, is very different from that of the Lyceum Edgar, who, in his "fleshings" and head-dress, irresistibly suggested to me, on the first night, a mature and well-developed Cupid.

ROBERT W. LOWE.

SHAKSPERE'S "KING LEAR" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



Cordelia. I yet beseech your Majesty.—(Act I, scene 1.)

The critics of Mr. Irving's revival of "King Lear" have all quoted Lamb. It would have been better for the genial Elia's reputation if they had not done so. "Lear is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage." If Kean and Macready had never existed the performance at the Lyceum would still utterly disprove that confident dictum. For whatever view may be held of Mr. Irving's conception of the part—and it is a characteristic of such colossal imaginative creations to evoke almost as many views as they have students—and whether Mr. Irving's personality be sympathetic to the spectator or unsympathetic, his Lear cannot fail to be regarded as a representation of very great intellectual interest and dramatic power. As for Lamb's criticism, that on seeing an old man turned out of doors by his daughter on a rainy night, he only wanted "to take him into shelter and relieve him," it is childish. If a great drama is to be viewed from the level of

the police-station and the Charity Organisation societies, there is not a single victim of tragedy to whom similar sentiments would not apply. The meaning of tragedy, on the contrary, is that it lifts the spectator from his place and his time and sets him for the hour beside the gods of old legend, who look, comprehending all and caring nothing, upon the petty happenings of human life. A character more instinct than Lear with the most poignant emotions possible to man has never been conceived; ingratitude is the deadliest of human vices, and the insanity of a great mind as the result of sorrow is the greatest of human misfortunes; and Lear is the supreme combination of these two. And anything that can properly be conceived of a man can be acted by a man; the only question is, Was it acted by this man?

What was untrue when spoken by Lamb of Lear the king is true enough of "Lear" the play, and this must be recognised before any criticism of the performance is in order. As a play "Lear" is—well, to use the simplest words, it is not. If all the lines that Shakspeare wrote were spoken, there would still be neither unity of action nor adequacy of motive; as for the greatly reduced version necessary for modern representation, anybody who came fresh to it would derive no notion whatever

as I understood his performance, takes the view of Lear's mind which M. Taine has expressed—that he was "already half insane" when he divided his kingdom, a man "violent and weak, whose half-unseated reason is gradually toppled over under the shocks of incredible treacheries, who presents the frightful spectacle of madness, first increasing, then complete, of curses, howlings, superhuman sorrows, into which the transport of the first access of fury carries him, and then of



Lear. No, you unnatural hags!—(Act II, scene 4.)

peaceful incoherence, chattering imbecility, into which the shattered man subsides." This view, indeed, is essential to any reasonable explanation of Lear's inability to appreciate Cordelia's

... simple answers, wanting colours fayre
To paint it forth.

And the paradox of "violent and weak" exactly describes the Lear of the Lyceum. From the moment when the impressive, gnarled old man strides on the stage and begins his career of "unreflecting impetuosity," and dashes his heavy sceptre up and down the lines of the map, through all the paroxysms of rage, the almost inarticulate curses, the rare moments of unnatural self-control, to the gentle, cynical imbecile who jokes Gloster on his sightlessness, and the last dying touches of the hand upon Cordelia's hair, that is the character of Mr. Irving's Lear—"violent and weak."

If this be Shakspeare's Lear too, Mr. Irving has left us little to desire. He looked the character to perfection, and behind the grey, lined face and tangled, grizzly, locks of the King the familiar features of the great actor could not be discerned. And the thousand transitions of mind which pull the outraged man backwards and forwards till his recurring passion and relapse finally tear his body to pieces had evidently been studied by Mr. Irving with the most scrupulous delicacy, and were portrayed with a ceaseless faithfulness so great as almost to become a fault. Indeed, I misread Mr. Irving's conception and intention if this is not precisely what he has understood to be the prime interest of Lear, and therefore the proper ambition of his representative—the marvelous intellectual subtlety and its physical indications. And

Cordelia. Then, poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue.—(Act I, scene 1.)

Edgar. Away! the foul fiend follows me.—(Act III, scene 4.)

of a connected plot. "Lear" would not be tolerated for an hour if produced without the name of Shakspeare, and if—this is the point—Lear himself were not so superbly unfortunate and eloquent a man. The tragedy is, therefore, not even a one-part play—it is one part and no play. This is the reply to the complaint that Mr. Irving has not cut down the part of Lear in proportion to the other characters: there is nothing in the play but Lear. And to represent that man is about as difficult, as Lamb remarked, as to personate the Miltonic Satan. Mr. Irving,

in proof of this I will prophesy that his rendering will change and develop, as constant acting of the character throws new light upon its delicacies and intricacies. Of course it would be impossible for Mr. Irving to play any character and not throw around it the great glamour which comes from complete knowledge of the technique of the stage, and so all this may be taken for granted. To compliment him upon moving as a fine and even fascinating figure in a series of striking and harmonious scenes would be to imply the fear that he might

have failed to do so, and such fear is surely, at this late day, out of the question. His Lear will be wondered at as a very remarkably subtle and detailed analysis and minute portrayal of a character of colossal intellectual interest, and that interest, too, consisting chiefly of intellectual aberration. From some scenes a certain solemnity and pathos which lie in the printed words will be missed; but these do not arise in Mr. Irving's conception of Lear, and *en revanche* there was solemnity and pathos enough in other scenes to supply those elements of tragedy to half-a-dozen plays. In all the magnificent Shaksperian revivals of the Lyceum no single scene has been more impressive than the awakening of Lear to recognise Cordelia in the French tent, and throughout her slight part Miss Terry was only not at her very best because her complete best includes a merry side, for which there was here no scope.

The two points of minor interest in the performance were the parts of the Fool and the Steward to Goneril. Mr. Terriss has an heroic manner which suited Edgar very well, but nothing can be imagined further from "poor Tom that eats the swimming frog" than the Bacchus of *bal masqué* which stood for him at the Lyceum. Mr. Haviland's Fool, on the other hand, was delightful, with his fantastic presence and beautiful voice, so kindly, so persistently attentive in his wise folly, so graceful—a part admirably conceived, and never for a moment lost sight of. It is a performance which raises Mr. Haviland from the ranks. Mr. Gordon Craig as the Steward created a part out of nothing, and bestowed a marked individuality upon what would in other hands have probably been a bundle of speaking clothes. Without forcing himself into an inartistic prominence, he contrived to be quite separate from all the rest—a distinct individual, a blustering coward, a pompous and fluent sneak. His movements might be described as liquid, so easy and graceful were they.

The Lyceum asks little indulgence from its patrons on the ground of the mischances incident to a first performance, and, except for the natural nervousness of the chief performers almost inseparable from the creation of such parts and the effects of so great a physical strain, the play might have been running for weeks. These pressed, of course, chiefly on Mr. Irving, and may be held accountable for an unusual and even at times a complete indistinctness of utterance. By now, however, this will, no doubt, have given place to the polished and perfect diction which distinguished Mr. Irving's graceful little speech before the curtain.

HENRY NORMAN.

THE REOPENING OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Trafalgar Square was formally reopened for purposes of public meeting on Sunday, Nov. 13, the anniversary of the day in 1887 when the attempt to hold a demonstration was prevented by the military and police, under Sir Charles Warren's direction. It was a dull November afternoon, very like the day on which the lines of mounted and foot police, Life Guards and Coldstreams, steadily kept the surging crowds out of the guarded Square. The blood both of the police and the people got warmer as the day wore on, and a good many desperate hand-to-hand fights took place. But only two men, Mr. Cuninghame Graham and Mr. John Burns, now Member and County Councillor for Battersea, made their way in a desperate rush at the head of a little "forlorn hope" of militant Radicalism and Socialism. Within a few feet of the Nelson Column Mr. Graham's head was cut open badly with a truncheon, and as he lay at the corner of the column Mr. Burns ran to the fountain, and, filling his hat, bathed his forehead. The crowd outside knew nothing, of course, of this dramatic scene; and no other concerted effort was made to break the steady ranks of the police. As the afternoon wore on the Guards emerged from Whitehall, and rode slowly round and round the Square, always breaking up the shifting groups of demonstrators and sightseers, who finally melted slowly away in the darkness.

The scene on Nov. 13 was of a different character. There were few police, and the only mounted men were two officers of the Ambulance Corps, who, in neat blue uniforms, paraded the outskirts of the Square in case of accidents. But there was no need for their services. The crowd was very large, very orderly, and a little tame. It consisted of an immense number of processions of Socialist, Radical, Irish, and trade union clubs and societies, who poured a continual stream into the human reservoir in the centre of the Square. As the processions came on they mostly deposited their banners by the balustrade to the north of the Square, where they rested, in their rather tawdry silken bravery, in a long line. The most effective pictorial show, however, was the grouping of the red banners and banners of the Social Democratic Federation round the broad plinth of the Nelson Column. Young women with curly heads of hair waved these symbols at appropriate intervals, and they certainly lightened the dull grey atmosphere and the black and brown-grey masses of heads and coats below with considerable effect.

The speech-making was for the most part in dumb show. Trafalgar Square is, curiously enough, one of the worst places for hearing in London. The tall houses and clubs send the voice back in rattling echoes, and the crowd in its restless movements does the rest. No one but Mr. Burns was able to make his voice carry beyond the inner circles of listeners, and the notes of the bugle were the only adequate means of informing the crowd that the resolutions were being put. Throughout the afternoon the gathering was absolutely orderly. The bands played the "Marseillaise," but there was no revolution in the air. At half-past four the great crowd—numbering perhaps 50,000 people—drifted out of the Square with furled banners and quiet bands.

One of the old Jewish synagogues in London following the German Hebrew ritual, founded in 1736 by Marcus Moses Hamburger, and situated in Fenchurch Street, has been closed, but will be re-erected on another site.

The International Bureau at Zanzibar for the Suppression of the Slave Trade, in conformity with the Act of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Conference, held its first meeting on Nov. 9, at the British Agency, the representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, Germany, and Portugal being present. Sir Gerald Portal was elected president of the Bureau and the French Consul vice-president.

The Irish Landowners' Convention, at a meeting in Dublin on Nov. 11, passed a resolution by which all landlords are recommended to withdraw entirely from the inquiry entrusted to the Evicted Tenants' Commission, on the ground that it is unjustly conducted in a one-sided partisan manner, not permitting the landlords to correct false statements, or to set forth their own case.

The new buildings of the Maria Grey Training College for Female Teachers, adjacent to the Brondesbury and Kilburn High School, in Salisbury Road, Brondesbury, were opened by the Right Hon. A. Mundella on Friday, Nov. 11. This college, which was started in 1878 by the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, is designed for the improvement of secondary education for girls of the middle classes.

PERSONAL.

Count Szapary, the Hungarian Premier, who has gone down in the recent storms which have been raging in



DR. ALEXANDER WEKERLE.

modest one, and he had a successful University career. Later he entered the Hungarian Ministry of Finance, where he had a very high reputation for knowledge and good sense. He rose by degrees to the post of First Secretary, and finally to that of Minister of Finance. Dr. Wekerle is an excellent debater and a considerable Parliamentary force.

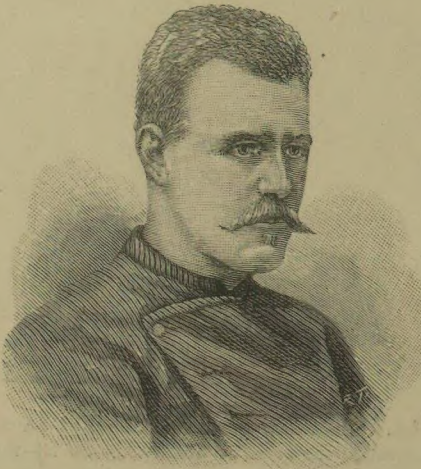
The Duke of Marlborough died in his bed very suddenly, apparently, on the morning of Nov. 9. His valet entered his room at eight o'clock, found him lying motionless, and on going up to him discovered that he was breathless and lifeless. The Duke had dined the previous evening with the Duchess, his second wife, was in good spirits, and was busily engaged on one or two magazine articles he had in hand. It appeared at the inquest, however, that his heart was seriously diseased, and that he died of calcareous degeneration of the large vessel.

The late Duke unquestionably inherited a good deal of the family ability. A good many shrewd judges considered him an even abler man than his brother, Lord Randolph Churchill, and he was certainly a more widely cultured one. He had travelled much, and had been a sportsman in more than one quarter of the world; he had scientific interests, and was fond both of art and of letters. He wrote well on many subjects, was a practical electrician, and a director of several electrical companies. In his earlier days, when he was Marquis of Blandford, he had certain political ambitions, which ran in a vaguely Radical direction. He wrote one or two articles to the magazines advocating land reform, and he made a not particularly brilliant appearance as a Liberal-Radical candidate in Cambridgeshire. Of late years, however, his views were greatly modified, if not entirely changed, and his interest in politics declined. His later life was of much soberer quality than his youth.

Rear-Admiral Stephenson, C.B., who was formerly a naval aide-de-camp to the Queen, and has held the post of equerry to the Prince of Wales for the last fourteen years, is to succeed Rear-Admiral Hotham as commander of the Pacific Squadron. Admiral Stephenson's naval career has extended over a period of nearly forty years, and he was actively engaged in the Crimean campaign, in the Indian Mutiny, and in our last war with China. His services have been varied, for he was in command of the gun-boat *Heron* on the lakes of Canada during the Fenian disturbances, while in the Arctic Expedition of 1875 he was captain of the *Discovery*. Admiral Stephenson, whose tact, energy, and ability have invariably won him golden opinions, will probably have for his flag-ship in his new command the *Royal Arthur*, which will be ready for service in a few weeks' time.

A link with a distinguished literary past is broken by the death, on Nov. 11, of Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in his eighty-third year. Mr. Trollope's younger brother was the famous Anthony, the novelist, and he himself inherited a good deal of the talent of writing that belonged to the family. His own work was pretty evenly divided between fiction and sketches of history, ancient and modern (chiefly Italian). His chief work was a history of Florence in mediæval and Renaissance days, a four-volume work, which appeared during his almost lifelong residence in that city. He was an agreeable writer, but he had hardly his brother's gift of striking out familiar social types and making them live in his pages. But had it not been for Anthony's fame he might have enjoyed a very considerable reputation. He wrote sixty volumes in all.

Dr. Nansen, the young Norwegian explorer, who, after his brilliant adventures in Greenland, is departing for a most



DR. NANSEN.

Pole and past it. Whether currents setting north in the direction he describes really exist, and whether they will have the effect the daring young explorer attributes to them, is, of course, the great problem of the expedition. His ship, the *Fram*, is specially constructed to avoid the great and

overmastering dangers of being crushed by the ice. He is provisioned for five years, and he deliberately calculates that his famous drift to the Pole may occupy this period.

The literary work of Mr. Theodore Child, the news of whose untimely death from typhoid fever at Ispahan has recently reached England, was well known and highly appreciated. As a critic and essayist, Mr. Child had attained a very considerable reputation, and only last year a volume of his more important essays on "Art and Criticism" was published. He was a constant and valued contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, in which periodical his delightful essays on "Literary Paris" appeared—while in the issue for November there is a charming article on the Paris Boulevards. For many years he was the Paris correspondent of this Journal. Mr. Child had travelled much, and his impressions were not only full of valuable information but were excellent reading. His account of some of the South American Republics, reprinted from *Harper's*, appeared in both English and French editions. At the time of his death he was travelling in Persia, with a view to obtaining material for a series of sketches which were to have appeared in the magazine with which he has recently been so closely associated.

May I venture a word of protest (writes Mr. Walter Besant) against a statement concerning the Society of Authors in the current number? The statement embodies a general belief that the "business" of the Society of Authors is "pre-eminently fiction." Now the society, as you will see by the list of our council, which is tolerably representative, exists for, and contains, writers in every branch of letters. Thus, of fifty-four names on that list, you will find that there are five poets, nine novelists, ten journalists (of whom, however, all have written books of some kind), five writers on art, four diplomatists, two essayists, five men of science, six of scholarship, history, and education, three dramatic authors, one of law (though more than one has written upon law), and one of travel. This list has grown by degrees just as the society itself has grown, and the fact that it is representative of so many branches shows that the members' roll itself is equally representative. We are glad to find that our new president's election has met with universal approbation.

No surprise can be felt at the death of the Most Rev. W. P. Austin, Bishop of British Guiana, Primate of the West Indies,

and Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. On St. Bartholomew's Day, 1842, he was consecrated in Westminster Abbey as Bishop for the see of British Guiana. Fifty years later he celebrated the jubilee of his episcopate in the new cathedral at Georgetown, Demerara. It was feared that, after all, the Bishop would not reach the jubilee; but, although in danger, he rallied sufficiently to take part in the service. But his slow step, his worn countenance, and the evident exhaustion attending every effort, made it clear that the venerable prelate could not long survive. Yet he did his duty bravely to the end. Like Bishop Medley—the next oldest prelate of the Anglican communion, who died in September—Bishop Daniel Wilson, Bishop Sargent, and Bishop Caldwell, he did not seek repose at home, but preferred to die among his own people. When past eighty Bishop Austin toiled on with scarcely abated vigour. He visited the mission to the aboriginal Indians in the wilder parts of his diocese, and faced the hardships of these journeys with all the spirit and patience that younger men might envy. The diocese of British Guiana includes Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, and the Bishop receives a stipend of £2000 a year.

Count Albert de Mun, one of the new candidates for the French Academy, is one of the three or four men in the French Chamber whose words have weight both with their friends and foes. Born some fifty-one years ago at Lumigny, he was the only child of Eugénie de la Ferronaye, the girl whose life history has been so beautifully told by Mrs. Augustus Craven in her autobiographical romance "A Sister's Story." It is strange that the man who is always supposed on the Continent to be one of the most practical and remarkable exponents of Christian Socialism should be the great-grandson of the materialist philosopher Helvetius, but all his life M. de Mun has been devoted to Liberal Ultramontanism, and even when serving as a young officer in one of the most brilliant cavalry regiments of the Third Empire he spent much of his spare time in founding Catholic working-men's clubs. Elected Deputy for Pontivy in 1876, he has, with one or two short intervals, been a prominent figure in French public life during the last seventeen years. Although sitting with the Extreme Right, and generally voting and speaking with the Monarchical minority, he reserves his *libre arbitre*, and has even been known to speak against a measure proposed by his party, and his rare eloquence makes him a redoubtable adversary. It is said that the Count de Mun has a very good chance of obtaining one of the three vacant fauteuils, and an effort will doubtless be made to make him Renan's successor. If this strange thing should come to pass, the eulogium which the newly elected Academician has to make upon his predecessor will be no easy task to one whose whole life has necessarily been a protest against Ernest Renan's philosophy.

Lord Houghton, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who has been suffering more or less from the effects of a chill for some days, has come to England for a short change.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W., for the portraits of the late Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Marlborough, and the Marquis of Blandford; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W., for that of the late Mr. S. Brandram; to Mr. Samuel A. Walker, Regent Street, W., for that of the late Bishop of British Guiana; and to Mr. Ellinger Ede, of Budapest, for that of the new Hungarian Prime Minister.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Divine service was conducted at Balmoral Castle on Sunday, Nov. 13, by the Very Rev. Dr. MacGregor, Minister of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, Chaplain to the Queen, in the presence of the Queen, Princess Beatrice, and the royal household. In the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by the Countess of Antrim and Miss McNeill.

The Queen (says *Truth*) will entertain a regular series of "dine and sleep" guests during her approaching residence at Windsor Castle, from Nov. 20 until Dec. 12. The list includes the Ministers, the leading members of the Opposition, a contingent of the Corps Diplomatique, and a sprinkling of the class defined by Lord Beaconsfield as "the high nobility."

During the Queen's next residence at Windsor Castle there are to be a concert and an organ recital in St. George's Hall. The only State functions will be an Investiture of the Garter,



MRS. FULLARTON, THE CENTENARIAN.
Born at Kilmarnock, N.B., Oct. 27, 1791.

a Council, and an Investiture of the Bath, St. Michael, and St. George, and the Indian Orders, at which a large number of gentlemen (including the Solicitor-General) are to receive "the honour of knighthood" from her Majesty.

Among those who were present in St. Paul's Cathedral on Nov. 16 at the unveiling, by the Earl of Rosebery, of the memorial to the late Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, were the Marquis of Ripon, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Sir John J. Abbott, Premier of Canada; Mr. Stanhope, President of the Imperial Federation League; the Hon. George Foster, Canadian Minister of Finance; and the Archdeacon of London, representing the Dean and Chapter.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone returned to Downing Street from Brighton on Nov. 14. Mr. Gladstone has benefited greatly by the short rest. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Gladstone dined with Earl and Countess Spencer on Nov. 15 at Spencer House, where there were a few political friends to meet them.

Lord Coleridge has recovered from his recent indisposition, and has arranged to sit in a Divisional Court on Nov. 16 with Mr. Justice Wills.

Mr. Montagu Williams still lies in a very low and critical condition, and shows no signs of rallying.

Mr. John Morley, M.P., has declined to be nominated for the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrews University in opposition to the Marquis of Bute.

The first of the Sunday meetings in Trafalgar Square under the new regulations passed off without the slightest disorder. The only speech of any consequence was made by Mr. John Burns, who simply repeated the substance of his suggestions to the Local Government Board. One of the resolutions demanded the unrestricted use of the Square for public meeting as a constitutional right, but this point is not likely to assume any magnitude. The Local Government Board, by-the-way, has issued a circular to clerks of the guardians and other local authorities, urging them to take all possible measures for extending the area of employment.

Before the Labour Commission Mr. Tom Mann gave a sketch of his scheme for the reorganisation of the London docks. This aims at the construction of one large dock for all the purposes of shipping, and demands a notable feat of engineering. Mr. Mann would place the control of the reconstructed docks in the hands of a public authority. He calculates that by his plan permanent employment would be created for a fixed number of men, a smaller number than now find casual work on the riverside. The cost of the whole undertaking would be four millions and a half, an expenditure which seems somewhat remote.

A Parliamentary vacancy is created by the appointment of Mr. Esslemont to the chairmanship of the Scotch Fishery Board. Mr. Esslemont represented East Aberdeenshire, which is regarded as a safe Liberal seat.

The Duke of Rutland has announced his intention to sell the Cheveley estate, where he says it is impossible for him to live owing to the depression of agriculture by our system of free imports. Evidently the Duke of Rutland is as strong a Protectionist as he was in the days of the Young England party. Some farmers have passed resolutions in favour of a change in our fiscal system; but the most noteworthy expression of opinion comes from the farmers of Cheshire, who have declared in favour of what used to be known in the early days of agrarian legislation for Ireland as the Three F's. They demand fair rents, to be fixed by Land Courts, fixity of tenure, and free sale of their own improvements.

Lord Kimberley has declined to accede to the demands of the society which makes war on the opium traffic. It would be impossible for the Indian Government to abandon this source of revenue without the most serious loss, and nobody has yet proposed any feasible plan for making good the deficiency. The dispute about the physical effects of opium is interminable, but about the financial effect in India of a resolution to discontinue the cultivation of opium there is no difference of opinion.

As the Home Secretary refused to grant a reprieve, Neill, the poisoner, was executed in Newgate Prison. The occasion drew a considerable crowd to see the black flag hoisted, and its appearance was greeted with rejoicings which said little for the taste of the spectators. There was, however, a general feeling of legitimate satisfaction at the extinction of one of the most abominable criminals who ever disgraced humanity.

The fortunes of the Evicted Tenants' Commission, which has been the subject of a fierce controversy, are certainly chequered. Very little progress has been made with the inquiry, owing in part to the unreadiness of witnesses. The path of Sir James Mathew has not been smoothed by the retirement of one of his colleagues, Mr. Murphy, who disapproved of the President's opening statement and of the procedure which led to the scene between Mr. Justice Mathew and the counsel. Moreover, the landlords have announced that they will take no part in the business, and another Commissioner, Mr. Morrough O'Brien, has withdrawn, ostensibly on account of his official duties elsewhere.

On the other hand, Sir James Mathew has made a vigorous and temperate defence of his procedure, and shows no sign of abandoning his task. Whatever may be thought of the spirit of his opening address, it is plain that he was strictly within rule and precedent in declining to permit cross-examination. The Commission is not a court of law, and counsel as such had no *locus standi*. In 1886 Mr. Justice Day, who presided over the Belfast Riots Commission, refused to allow counsel to cross-examine the witnesses, although the Government of the day had distinctly stated in the House of Commons that the ordinary procedure of a law court would be pursued. It was ruled by Mr. Justice Day that Royal Commissions are not judicial tribunals, and that witnesses must be examined by the Commissioners alone.

Both Mr. Balfour and Lord Salisbury have assailed the Evicted Tenants' Commission in very strong language. At a banquet of the Nonconformist Unionist Association Lord Salisbury denounced the Irish policy of the Government, and declared that the Home Rule cause rested on nothing but the "conceit and infatuation" of Mr. Gladstone. At Bristol Lord Ashbourne echoed Lord Salisbury's sentiments about Sir James Mathew, who was defended in the same city by Sir George Trevelyan. A tribute to the judge's personal impartiality was paid by Lord Esher, the Master of the Rolls, at the Guildhall banquet, but Lord Esher also said that the hot dispute about Mr. Justice Mathew was inevitable when a judge was taken from his duties and entrusted with political business.

The Guildhall banquet was shorn of its attractions by the absence of Mr. Gladstone and his principal colleagues. Lord Kimberley represented the Government in a speech of which nothing can be said except that it was marked by judicious reticence. The new Lord Mayor paid the customary visit to her Majesty's Judges, at the Law Courts, and was pointedly congratulated by Lord Coleridge on his victory over the sectarian prejudice which had tried to prevent his election.

Ministers have evidently no intention of complying with the Irish demand for the release of the dynamiters. About the guilt of Egan there has always been some doubt, and the Home Office is making an inquiry into the matter. Another dynamiter, Daly, may be released on account of his health, in accordance with a well-known regulation. But the rest of the prisoners are entitled to no consideration and will get none. Mr. Redmond talks about the "purity" of their motives, as if a miscreant like Thomas Gallagher, who would have caused the destruction of many innocent people if his nitro-glycerine factory had not been discovered in time, were a sainted martyr to a mistaken conscience. No Government in its senses would dream of liberating such a scoundrel.

A point of some interest in connection with the recent railway accident near Thirsk was the part played by the penny newspapers with insurance coupons. One of the victims—a poor man—secured to his two sisters no less a sum than £2500, in that, through accident or foresight, copies of *Pearson's Weekly, Answers*, and one or two other of these journals were found upon his person.

The Prussian Finance Minister, Dr. Miquel, has laid before the Diet his project of a new property tax, for local government purposes, to be graduated from one quarter per thousand on all real and personal property valued as capital at 6000 marks (less than £300) to a half per thousand on property valued at 50,000 marks and over; household furniture and personal effects to be exempt, also the working capital of mining and agricultural industries, and real estate not situated in Prussia. The amount of property so taxable is estimated rather below £3,000,000,000 sterling. The Imperial German Diet will be asked to provide for the additional military expenditure, reckoned at £3,200,000 yearly, in the proposed increase of the Federal Army, by further taxation of tobacco, beer, spirits, and Stock Exchange business all over Germany. With reference to the first-mentioned financial scheme, it is worth while to note the results shown for the first year by the new income tax in Prussia. Out of a total population of 30,000,000 only 2,435,858 persons pay income tax, or, in other words, earn or possess an income of over 900 marks; 2,118,969 pay income tax on the lowest scale—namely, on incomes between 900 and 3000 marks. Only 10,698 persons have incomes over 30,000 marks, or £1200 a year. The highest declared income is 6,760,000 marks, and appears to be that of Herr Krupp, of Essen.

The Hungarian Ministry of Count Szapary has resigned office, not having been able to gain the assent of the Emperor-King to its proposed law of an obligatory civil marriage for persons of all religions. In that kingdom, it appears, there are seven different systems of law concerning marriage and divorce, respectively applicable to the Roman Catholics, the German Protestants, the Calvinists, the Orthodox Greek Church, the Catholic Greek Church, the Unitarians of Transylvania, and the Jews, which is naturally the cause of much legal and social confusion. It has been proposed, as in France, to render a civil marriage compulsory before the performance of the religious ceremony, or that, as in Italy, the civil marriage only should be recognised by the law. This measure is resisted by the Clerical party in Austria and Hungary.

The Procureur-Général has authorised a Government prosecution of the directors of the Panama Canal Company for breach of trust and malversation of funds in the contracts for its works, on which sixty millions sterling have been expended. This prosecution may include M. Ferdinand de

Lesseps, although, as a grand officer of the Legion of Honour, he would be exempt from an ordinary criminal trial; a Bill to abolish such exemptions has been passed by the Chamber of Deputies. Much regret is felt that so illustrious a Frenchman, at his venerable age, should be exposed to the indignity.

The King and Queen of Portugal on Nov. 10 arrived at Madrid on a visit to the Queen-Regent and the infant King of Spain. Court festivities of moderate splendour have taken place; and on Nov. 13 their Majesties, from the balcony of the royal palace, saw the grand pageant or procession, organised by the Municipality of Madrid, representing the historical events of the time of Columbus—the surrender of Granada by the Moors, the Franciscan monks of La Rabida, the caravels in which Columbus and his followers made their famous voyage, and their Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella, followed by two enormous allegorical cars.

The Viceroy of India, the Marquis of Lansdowne, with Lady Lansdowne and his staff, has been visiting the native State of Mysore, where he was received by the Maharajah, on Nov. 10, with great courtesies and hospitalities. Among the entertainments of the following days was an elephant hunt on Nov. 14, when twenty wild elephants were captured in the stockade. The British Indian military force in Upper Burmah has commenced active operations against the hostile Chin tribes. The column under Captain Presgrave has returned to Fort White, having destroyed Dimlo and Shwumpi. Some fighting took place. On Nov. 10 the village of Htanwe was destroyed by the column under Lieutenant Henégan. The Hakas and Bounghshes have come in with their tribute. X.

A SCOTTISH LADY CENTENARIAN.

We have had much pleasure in wishing "many happy returns of the day" to a venerable old lady, Mrs. Fullarton, born Miss Janet Wilson, daughter of Dr. John Wilson, of Kilmarnock, who has entered the 102nd year of her age, and is living at the West-End of Glasgow. She came to dwell in that city in 1806, visited London in 1808, travelling a week's journey by the coach, and returning by sea in a small fishing-vessel, a three-weeks voyage. In 1810 she married; she had twelve children, of whom four daughters are now living, with numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren. In 1865 she was left a widow. Mrs. Fullarton remembers all the notable events of her time; she enjoys good health, reads easily with the aid of spectacles, and has no malady of old age, except some deafness.

A CHALLENGE CUP FOR AUSTRALIA.

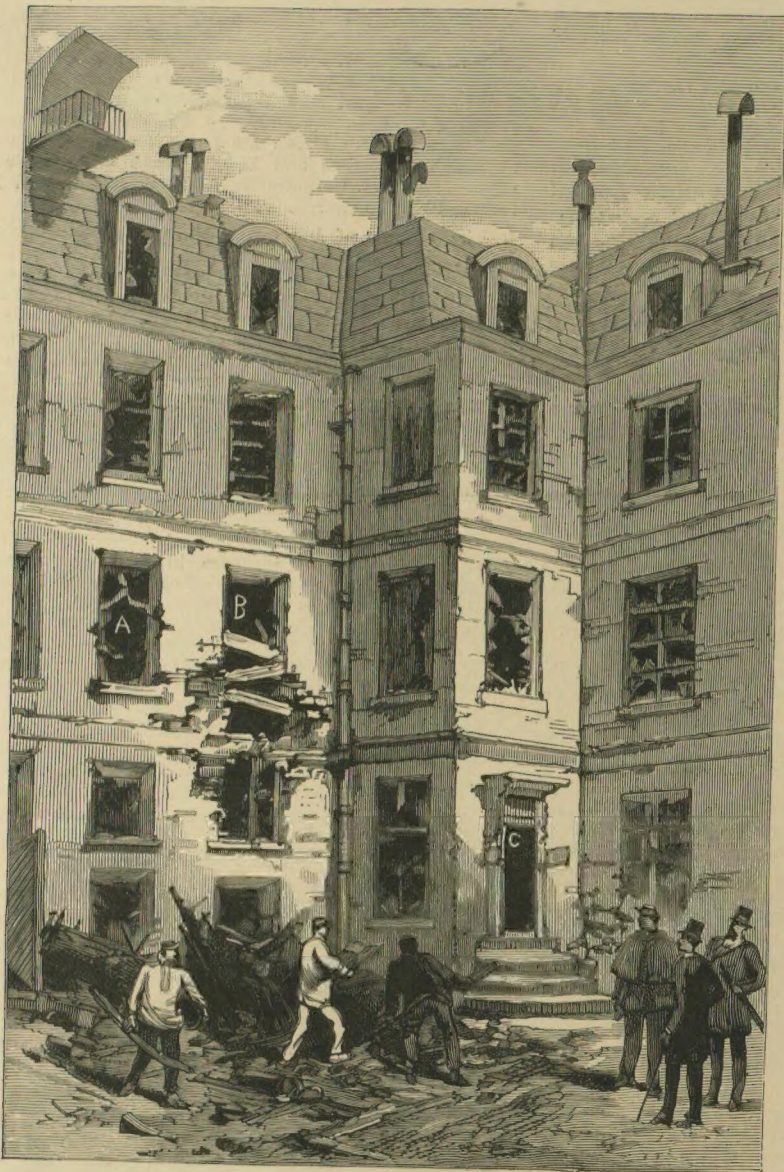
A massive solid silver challenge cup, of which we give an illustration, is to be presented to the Universities of Australia by old competitors in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race, and to be competed for yearly by the Australian Universities. The cup is Grecian in form, stands upon a square ebony base, with three panels containing trophies of oars intertwined with bulrushes. On the body of the cup



SILVER CHALLENGE CUP,
Presented to the Universities of Australia by Old Competitors in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

are four panels, with bosses of Magdalen, Trinity, and King's, and a view of Oxford High Street. The upper panels have views of an "eight" race, Temple Island, and a part of Henley racecourse. On the upper portions of the cup are two youthful figures supporting the arms of Oxford and Cambridge. The handles have the rose, shamrock, thistle, and eucalyptus intertwined, emblematic of Great Britain and Australia. Interspersed in various portions of the cup are Australian and other plants—the mimosa, water-lily, &c. The whole is surmounted by a figure of Victory, with laurels. On the base is a silver panel, bearing: "Presented to the Universities of Australia by old competitors in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race." The weight is 230 oz. (solid silver); height, 3 ft.; breadth, 11½ in. The cup will be on view at the show-rooms of the designers and manufacturers—the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company, 112, Regent Street, W.—for about a fortnight.

THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN PARIS.



A, B, Windows of the Office where the Bomb Exploded. C, Door of the Police Office.
EXTERIOR OF THE POLICE OFFICE.



The Room where the Bomb Exploded, showing the building shored up.
INTERIOR OF THE POLICE OFFICE.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

THE PURSUIT OF THE WELL-BELOVED.

A SKETCH

OF

A

TEMPERAMENT.

BY THOMAS HARDY.

AUTHOR OF "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES," &c.

CHAPTER XXI. (Continued).

A GRILLE DESCENDS BETWEEN HIM AND THE VISION.

"Mother loved you?" said Avie, incredulously gazing at him.

"Yes," he murmured.

"You were not her false young man, surely? That one who—"

"Yes, yes! Say no more about it."

"Who ran away from her?"

"Almost."

"Then I can never, never like you again! I didn't know it was a gentleman—I thought—"

"It wasn't a gentleman, then."

"O, Sir, please go away! I can't bear the sight of 'ee at this moment! Perhaps I shall get to—to like you as I did; but—"

"No; I'm d—d if I'll go away," said Pearston, thoroughly irritated. "I have been candid with you; you ought to be the same with me!"

"What do you want me to tell?"

"Enough to make it clear to me why you don't accept this offer. Everything you have said yet is a reason for the reverse. Now, my dear, I am not angry."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not. Now what is your reason?"

"The name of it is Isaac Pearston, down home."

"How?"

"I mean he courted me, and led me on to island custom, and then I went to chapel one morning and married him in secret, because mother didn't care about him; and I didn't either by that time. And then he quarrelled with me; and just before you and I came to London he went away to Australia. Then I saw a soldier; I never knew his name, but I fell in love with him because I am so quick at that! Still, as it was wrong, I tried not to think of him, and wouldn't look at him when he passed. But it made me cry very much that I mustn't. I was then very miserable, and you asked me to come to London. I didn't care what I did with myself, and I came."

"Heaven above us!" said Pearston, his pale and distressed face showing with what a shock this announcement had come. "Why have you done such extraordinary things? Or, rather, why didn't you tell me of this before? Then, at the present moment you are the wife of a man who is in Australia, whom you do not love at all; but instead of him love a soldier whom you have never spoken to; while I have nearly brought scandal upon us both by your letting me love you! Really, you are a very wicked young woman!"

"No, I am not!" she pouted.

Still, Avie looked pale and rather frightened, and did not lift her eyes from the floor. "I said it was nonsense in you to want to have me!" she went on, "and, even if I hadn't been married to that horrid Isaac Pearston, I couldn't have married you after you told me that you were the man who ran away from my mother."

"I have paid the penalty!" he said sadly. "Men of my sort always get the worst of it in the end. Now, Avie—I'll call you dear Avie for your mother's sake and not for your own—I must see what I can do to help you out of the difficulty that unquestionably you are in. Why can't you love your husband now you have married him?"

Avie looked aside at the statuary as if the subtleties of her organisation were not very easy to define.

"Was he that black-bearded typical local character I saw you walking with one Sunday? The same surname as mine, though, of course, you don't notice that in a place where there are only half-a-dozen surnames?"

"Yes, that was Ike. It was that evening we disagreed. He scolded me again, and I answered him, and the next day he went away."

"Well, as I say, I must consider what it will be best to do for you in this. The first thing, it seems to me, will be to get your husband home."

She impatiently shrugged her shoulders. "I don't like him!"

"Then why did you marry him?"

"I was obliged to, according to the custom, after walking wi' 'em."

"Oh, it is only a tiff between you, I dare say. I'll start him in business if he'll come. . . . Is the cottage at home still in your hands?"

"Yes, it is my freehold. Grammer Stockwool is taking care o' it for me."

"Good. And back there you go straightway, my pretty

Madam, and wait till your husband comes to make it up with you."

"I won't go! I don't want him to come!" she sobbed. "I want to stay here, or anywhere, except where he can come!"

"You'll get over that. Now, go indoors, there's a dear Avie, and be ready in one hour, waiting in the hall for me."

"I don't want to!"

"But I say you shall."

She found it was no use to disobey. Precisely at the moment appointed he met her there himself, burdened only



"I don't want to go to him!" she sobbed.

with a valise and umbrella, she with a box and other things. Directing the porter to put Avice and her belongings into a four-wheeled cab for the railway station, he walked out of the door, and kept looking behind till he saw the cab approaching. He then entered beside the astonished girl, and onward they went together.

They sat opposite each other in an empty compartment, and the tedious railway journey began. Whenever he looked at her the girl's eyes filled with tears, and at last she wept outright. "I don't want to go to him!" she sobbed in a repressed voice.

Pearston was almost as much distressed as she. "Why did you put yourself and me in such a position?" he said bitterly. "It is no use to regret it now! And I can't say that I do. It affords me a way out of a trying position. Even if you had not been married to him you would not have married me!"

"Yes, I would, Sir."

"What! You would? You said you wouldn't not long ago."

"I like you better now! I like you more and more!"

Pearston sighed, for emotionally he was not much older than she. That hitch in his development, rendering him the most lopsided of God's creatures, was his standing misfortune. Little more passed between the twain on that wretched, never-to-be-forgotten day. Aphrodite was punishing him sharply, as she knew but too well how to punish her votaries when they reverted from the ephemeral to the stable mood. This curse of his heart not aging while his frame moved naturally onward, when was it to end? Perhaps only with life.

His first act the day after depositing her in her own house was to go to the chapel where, by her statement, the marriage had been solemnised, and make sure of the fact. Perhaps he felt an illogical hope that she might be free, even then, in the tarnished condition which such freedom would have involved. However, there stood the words distinctly: Isaac Pearston, Avice Caro, son and daughter of So-and-so, married on such a day, signed by the contracting parties, the officiating minister, and the two witnesses.

CHAPTER XXII

SHE IS FINALLY ENSHROUDED FROM SIGHT.

One evening in early winter, when the air was dry and gusty, the dark little lane which divided the grounds of Dell-i-th-rock Castle from the cottage of Avice, and led down to the adjoining ruin of Red King Castle, was paced by a solitary man. The cottage was the centre of his beat; its western limit being the gates of the former residence, its eastern the drawbridge of the ruin. The few other cottages thereabout—all as if carved from the solid rock—were in darkness, but from the upper window of Avice's tiny freehold glimmered a light. Its rays were repeated from the far-distant sea by the lightship lying moored over the Shambles quicksand, which brought mysteriousness and domesticity into the position of balanced opposites.

The sea murmured—more than murmured—among the boulders below the ruins, a louder roll of its tide being timed at regular intervals. These sounds were accompanied by an equally periodic moan from the interior of the cottage chamber; so that the articulate heave of water and the articulate heave of life seemed but differing utterances of the self-same troubled Being—which in one sense they were.

Pearston—for the man in the lane was he—would look from lightship to cottage window; then back again. Soon an infant's wail of the very feeblest was also audible in the house. He started from his easy pacing, and went again westward, standing at the elbow of the lane a long time. Then the peace of the sleeping village which lay that way was broken by light wheels and the trot of a horse. Pearston went back to the cottage gate and awaited the arrival of the vehicle.

It was a light cart, and a man jumped down as it stopped. He was in a broad-brimmed hat, under which no more of him could be perceived than that he wore a black beard, clipped like a thorn fence—a typical aspect in the island.

"You are Avice's husband?" asked the sculptor, quickly.

The man replied that he was, in the local accent. "I've just come in by the last train," he added. "I couldn't get here afore."

"Well," said Pearston, "your coming means that you are willing to make it up with her?"

"Ay, I don't know but I be," said the man. "Mid so well do that as anything else!"

"If you do, thoroughly, a good business in your old line awaits you here in the island."

"Wi' all my heart, then," said the man. His voice was energetic, and, though slightly touchy, it showed, on the whole, a disposition to set things right.

The driver of the trap was paid off, and Jocelyn and Isaac Pearston, undoubtedly scions of a common stock in this isle of intermarriages—entered the house. Nobody was in the ground-floor room, in the exact centre of which stood a square table, and in the exact centre of the table a lamp, the apartment having the appearance of being rigidly swept and set in order for an event of interest.

The woman who lived in the house with Avice now came downstairs, and to the inquiry of the comers she replied that matters were progressing favourably, but that nobody could be allowed to go upstairs just then. After placing chairs and viands for them she retreated, and they sat down, the candle between them—the lover of the sufferer above, who had no right to her, and the man who had every right to her, but did not love her. Engaging in desultory and fragmentary conversation, they listened to the tramping of feet on the floorboards overhead—Pearston full of anxiety and attentiveness, Ike awaiting the course of nature calmly.

Soon they heard the feeble bleats repeated, and then the local practitioner descended and entered the room.

"How is she now?" said Pearston, the more taciturn Ike

looking up with him for the answer that he felt would serve for two as well as for one.

"Doing well, remarkably well," replied the professional gentleman, with a manner of having said it before; and his vehicle not being at the door he sat down and shared some refreshment with the others. When he had departed Mrs. Stockwood again stepped down, and informed them that Ike's presence had been made known to his wife.

The truant quarrier seemed rather inclined to stay where he was and finish the mug of ale, but Pearston quickened him, and he ascended the staircase. As soon as the room was empty Pearston leant with his elbows on the table, and covered his face with his hands.

Ike was absent no great time. Descending with a proprietary mien that had been lacking before, he invited Pearston to ascend likewise, since she had stated that she would like to see him. Pearston went up the crooked old steps, the husband remaining below.

Avice looked brighter and happier than he had expected to find her, and was apparently very much fortified by the pink little lump at her side. She held out her hand to him.

"I just wanted to tell 'ee—I thought it would be no harm to see you, though 'tis rather soon—to tell 'ee how very much I thank you for getting me settled again with Ike. He is very glad to come home again, too, he says. Yes, you've done a good many kind things for me, Sir."

Whether she were really glad, or whether the words were expressed as a matter of duty, Pearston did not attempt to learn.

He merely said that he valued her thanks. "Now, Avice," he added tenderly, "I resign my guardianship of you. I hope to see your husband in a sound little business here in a very short time."

"I hope so—for baby's sake," she said, with a bright sigh.

"Would you—like to see her, Sir?"

"The baby? O, yes . . . your baby! You must christen her Avice."

"Yes—so I will," she murmured readily, and disclosed the infant with some timidity. "I hope you forgive me, Sir, for concealing my marriage."

"If you forgive me for making love to you."

"Yes. How were you to know! I wish—"

Pearston bade her good-bye, kissing her hand; turned from her and the incipient being whom he was to meet again under very altered conditions, and left the bed-chamber with a tear in his eye.

"Here endeth that dream!" said he.

Hymen, in secret or overt guise, seemed to haunt Pearston just at this time with undignified mockery which savoured rather of Harlequin than of the torch-bearer. Two days after parting in a lone island from the girl he so solicitously loved he met in Piccadilly his friend Somers, hastening along with a deeply preoccupied face.

"My dear fellow," said Somers, "what do you think! I was charged not to tell you yet, but, hang it! I may just as well make a clean breast of it now as later."

"What—you are not going to . . ." began Pearston, with a sort of divination.

"Yes. What I said on impulse I am about to carry out in cold blood. Nichola and I began in jest and ended in earnest. We are going to take one another next month for good and all."

END OF PART SECOND.

PART THIRD.

A YOUNG MAN OF FIFTY-NINE.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SHE RETURNS FOR THE NEW SEASON.

Nearly twenty years had closed over the events which came to a settlement with the reunion of the second Avice and her husband; and the peninsula called an island looked just the same as before; though many who had formerly projected their daily shadows over its unrelieved whiteness ceased now to disturb the colourless sunlight there.

The general change, nevertheless, was small. The silent ships came and went from the wharf, the chisels clinked in the quarries; file after file of whitey-brown horses, in strings of eight or ten, painfully dragged the square blocks of stone down the hill on the antediluvian wooden wheels just as usual. The lightship winked every night from the quicksands to the Beal Lantern, and the Beal Lantern glared through its eyeglass on the ship. The canine gnawing audible on the Pebble Bank had been repeated ever since at each tide, but the pebbles remained undevoured.

Men drank, smoked, and spat in the inns with only a few degrees more of adulteration in their refreshments and a trifle less dialect in their speech than of yore. One figure had never since been seen on the Channel rock, the form of Pearston, the sculptor, whose first use of the chisel that rock had instigated.

He had lived abroad a great deal, and, in fact, at this very date he was staying at an hotel in Rome. Though he had not once set eyes on Avice since parting from her in the room with her firstborn, he had managed to obtain tidings of her from time to time during the interval. In this way Pearston learnt that shortly after their resumption of a common life in her house Ike had ill-used her, till, the business to which the sculptor had assisted him chancing to prosper, he became immersed in its details, and allowed Avice to pursue her domestic courses without interference, initiating that kind of reconciliation which is so calm and durable, having as its chief ingredient neither hate nor love, but a dense, all-embracing indifference.

At first Pearston had sent her sums of money privately, fearing lest her husband should deny her material comforts; but he soon found, to his great relief, that such help was unnecessary, social ambition having prompted Ike to set

up as quite a gentleman-islander, and to allow Avice a scope for show which he would never have allowed in mere kindness.

Being in Rome, as aforesaid, Pearston returned one evening to his hotel to dine, after spending the afternoon among the busts in the long gallery of the Vatican. The unconscious habit, common to so many people, of tracing likenesses in unlikes had often led him to discern, or to fancy he discerned, in the Roman atmosphere, in its lights and shades, and particularly in its reflected or secondary lights, something resembling the atmosphere of his native promontory. Perhaps it was that in each case the eye was mostly resting on stone—that here, in the Eternal City, there were quarries of ruins like the quarries of maiden rock at home.

This being in his mind when he sat down to dinner at the common table, he was surprised to hear an American gentleman, who sat opposite, mention the name of Pearston's birth-place. The American was talking to a friend about a lady who had been a fellow-passenger with him in their voyage over. They were wondering whether she had been successful in her quest, which was for some near relation, who had lived in the before-mentioned isle, of which she also was a native.

Pearston was instantly struck with the perception that these facts, though general, were in accord with the history of his long-lost wife, Marcia. To be sure they did not go far; and he hardly thought that she would be likely to hunt him up after more than thirty years of separation. Still, he was impressed enough to resolve to exchange a word with the strangers so soon as he could get opportunity.

He could not well attract their attention through the plants upon the wide table, and even if he had been able, to do so in public was not advisable. He waited on till dinner was over at the table d'hôte, and when the strangers withdrew Pearston withdrew in their rear.

They were not in the drawing-room, whither they had seemed to go. On inquiry, Pearston found that they had gone out. There was no chance of discovering them, but Pearston, stirred to restlessness by their remarks, wandered up and down the Piazza di Spagna, thinking they might return. The streets below were immersed in shade, the front of the church at the top was flooded with orange light, the gloom of evening gradually intensifying on the broad, long flight of steps, which foot-passengers incessantly ascended and descended with the insignificance of ants.

Getting back to the hotel he learnt that the Americans had only dropped in to dine, and were staying elsewhere. Briefly, he saw no more of them; but, on reflection, he was not deeply concerned at this; for by going straight back home he could easily ascertain on the isle itself if his wife had indeed arrived there. It seemed impossible: what earthly woman, going off in a freak as his wife had done, would have kept silence so long unless she had returned to dust; or, if indeed living, how should she bring herself to come back to him now?

Nevertheless, he felt it to be his duty to ascertain what truth might lie in this chance fancy; and about a week later he stood once more at the foot of the familiar steep whereon the houses of Slope-way Well were perched like pigeons on a roof-side.

He pursued his inquiries as privately as possible, for his intention was to make himself known here no more. As he had ceased since his last residence here to wear his beard in the island fashion, nobody recognised him, though he had aged but little under the inactivity of twenty years. Nothing had been heard of any such lady, the nearest approach to a visit of the kind being that made by a woman whom a flyman had driven over the island in search of a family now dead. As this lady did not answer to the description, and the persons she sought were bearers of another name, Pearston concluded he had got to the bottom of the matter in considering it a casual correspondence only.

In returning to the town and station at eventide his attention was attracted by the busy doings around a quarry which lay at a distance on his left; he observed several men on the spot whom he might recognise. He was inclined to cross thither, feeling sure that the quarry was Ike Pearston's, and stood looking in that direction, where the numerous black hoisting-cranes scattered over the central plateau of the island had the appearance of a swarm of daddy-longlegs resting there. The way across was rugged, and nothing would be gained by making himself known. He proceeded on his way, having no real wish at present to encounter Avice's husband or friends.

At the station he found he had to wait a little while. Presently other people who had come from Top o' Hill (the summit of the rock was thus called) also entered the booking-office, and they were talking reflectively about an accident which had happened a week or two before. The name that caught his ear caused him to turn quickly to one of the quartermen.

"Who do you say was killed?" Pearston asked.

"Mr. Isaac Pearston—Castleway Pearston as we did call 'n—'cause there 's so many Isaac Pearstons—was killed in his own quarry."

While Jocelyn stood silent at this intelligence the men went on conversing among themselves.

"I said to 'en that morning, 'Don't th' stand there, for Heaven's sake!' Born in a quarry a'most, you'd ha' thought he'd ha' known, if anybody would. But he was a man who'd never listen to argument—that one must say, though 'a's squatted. He went away shortly after, and we didn't expect to see 'en again that day. But 'a did come back, worse luck for 'n; and that was how it ended."

More details of the catastrophe and circumstances of the victim's life were given, from which Pearston gathered that though the Avice who had once been his Avice was now a widow, she had friends and sympathisers about her which would render any attention on his part at this juncture unnecessary. He therefore mechanically took his seat in the train and remained musing during the run along the

Pebble Bank and round to the watering-place five miles off, at which he had taken up his quarters for a few days.

Here, as he stayed on, he heard further rumour of the accident; till Avice, who had been little in his mind of late, began to take up a somewhat distinct position there. He was fully aware that since his earlier manhood a change had come over his regard of woman. Once the individual had been nothing more to him than the temporary abiding-place of the typical or ideal; now his heart showed an extraordinary fidelity to the specimen, with all her pathetic flaws of detail; which, indeed, so far from sending him further, increased his tenderness. This maturer feeling, though more noble and generous, was less convenient, for the warmth of passion remained as in youth without the recuperative intervals which had accompanied evanescence.

The revived emotion detained him long and yet longer at this spot, where he could see the island that was Avice's home lying like a great snail upon the sea across the bay. It was the spring of the year; local steamers had begun to run, and he was never tired of standing on the thinly occupied deck of one of these as it skirted the island and revealed to him on the cliffs far up its height the ruin of Red King Castle, behind which the little village of East Wake lay.

"It is well to be you," she went on. "I have had troubles to take the bloom off me!"

"Yes; I have heard of them."

She continued to regard him curiously, with humorous interest; and he knew what was passing in her mind: that this man, to whom she had formerly looked up to as to a person far in advance of her along the lane of life, seemed now to be a well-adjusted contemporary, the pair of them observing the world with fairly level eyes.

He had come to her with love for a vision which, on reaching her, he found to have departed; and, though fairly weaned by the natural reality, he was so far staunch as to linger on hankeringly. They talked of past days, his old attachment, which she had then despised, being now far more absorbing and present to her than to himself.

She unmistakably won upon him as he sat on. A curious closeness to her had been produced in his imagination by the discovery that she was passing her life within the house of his own childhood. Her similar surname meant little here; but it was also his, and, added to the identity of domicile, there was a strong suggestiveness about the accident.

"This is where I used to sit when my parents occupied the house," he said, placing himself beside that corner of the fire-

luxury of getting old and reposeful was coming to his restless, wandering heart at last.

"Now, Avice," he began archly, "I feel, of course, your situation at present, and Heaven forbid that I should say anything premature. But your life with your late husband has been such that I think it no harm to put an idea into your mind, as regards the future, for you to turn over—not too seriously—just for what it is worth. It originated, so far as it concerns you personally, with the sight of you in that cottage round the corner, nineteen or twenty years ago, when I became tenant of the castle opposite. But that was not the very beginning. The very beginning was a score of years before that, when I, a young fellow of nineteen, coming home here, from London, to see my father, encountered a tender woman as like you as your double; was much attracted by her as I saw her day after day flit past this window; till I made it my business to accompany her in her walks awhile. I, as you know, was not a staunch fellow, and it all ended badly. But better late than never . . ."

"Ah! there she is!" suddenly exclaimed Avice, whose attention had wandered somewhat from his retrospective discourse. She was looking from the window towards the cliffs, where, upon the open ground quite near at hand, a slender



His attention was attracted by the busy doings around a quarry.

Thus matters went on, if they did not rather stand still, for at least a month before Pearston had the courage of his romanticism, and ventured to seek out Avice. Even when he did go he was so afraid that he had intruded upon her too soon as to approach with unwonted diffidence. He need have shown no such concern.

The first surprise was to find that she had long ceased to live in the little freehold cottage she had occupied of old. In answer to his inquiries he was directed along the road to the west of the modern castle, past the entrance on that side, and onward to the very house that had once been his own home. There it stood as of yore, facing up the Channel, a comfortable roomy structure, the euonymus and other shrubs, which alone would stand in the teeth of the salt wind, living on at about the same stature in front of it; but the paint-work much renewed. A thriving man had resided there of late, evidently.

The widow in mourning who received him in the front parlour was, alas! but the sorry shadow of Avice the Second. How could he have fancied otherwise after twenty years? Yet he had been led to fancy otherwise, almost without knowing it, by feeling himself unaltered. Indeed, curiously enough, nearly the first words she said to him were: "Why—you are just the same!"

"Just the same. Yes, I am, Avice," he answered sadly; for this inability to ossify with the rest of his generation threw him out of proportion with the time. Moreover, while wearing the aspect of comedy, it was of the nature of tragedy.

place which commanded a view through the window. "I could see a bough of tamarisk wave outside at that time, and, beyond the bough, the same abrupt grassy waste towards the sea, and at night the same old lightship blinking far out there. Place yourself on the spot, to please me."

She set her chair where he indicated, and Pearston stood close beside her, directing her gaze to the familiar objects he had regarded thence as a boy. Her head and face—the latter thoughtful and worn enough, poor thing, to suggest a married life none too comfortable—were close to his breast, and, with a few inches further incline, would have touched it.

"And now you are the inhabitant; I the visitor," he said. "I am glad to see you here—so glad, Avice! You are fairly well provided for—I think I may assume that?" He looked round the room at the solid mahogany furniture, and at the modern piano and show bookcase.

"Yes, I left me comfortable. 'Twas he who thought of removing from my cottage to this larger house. He bought it, and I can live here as long as I choose to."

Apart from the decline of his adoration to friendship, there seemed to be a general convergence of positions which suggested that he might make amends for the old desertion by proposing to this Avice when a meet time should arrive. If he did not love her as he had done when she was a slim thing catching mice in his rooms in London, he could surely be content at his age with comradeship. The feeling that he really could be thus content was so convincing that he almost believed the

female form was seen rambling along. "She is out for a walk," Avice continued. "I wonder if she is going to call here this afternoon? She is living at the castle, opposite, as governess."

"O, she's"—

"Yes. Her education was very thorough—better even than her grandmother's. I was the neglected one, and Isaac and myself both vowed that there should be no complaint on that score about her. We christened her Avice, to keep up the name, as you requested. I wish you could speak to her—I am sure you would like her."

"Is that the baby?" faltered Jocelyn.

"Yes, the baby."

The person signified, now much nearer, was a still more modernized, up-to-date edition of the two Avices of that blood with whom he had been involved more or less for the last forty years. A ladylike little creature was she—almost elegant. She wore a large-disked sun-hat, with a brim like a wheel whose spokes were radiating folds of muslin lining the brim, a black margin beyond the muslin being the fellow. Beneath this brim her hair was massed low upon her brow, the colour of the thick tresses being obviously, from her complexion, repeated in the irises of her large, deep eyes. Her rather nervous lips were thin and closed, so that they only appeared as a delicate red line. A changeable temperament was shown by that mouth—quick transitions from affection to aversion, from a pout to a smile.

It was Avice the Third.

(To be continued.)

THE BALLET ILLUSTRATED BY MR. C. P. SAINTON.



THE NEW MOON.

Purchased by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

As attention has been called in these columns to Mr. Sainton's work several times during his upward career, it is with pleasure that we welcome the exhibition of his studies in silver-point now on view at the Burlington Gallery (Old Bond Street). The subjects selected are admirably suited to the delicate style of work in which Mr. Sainton shows himself an adept, for the ballet presents rare opportunities for students of graceful pose and airy fancy. His figures of *ballerine* are well modelled, their draperies diaphanous, and their attitudes picturesque without effort; but however much skill he displays in this particular and popular line of art, many will be tempted to say that he does himself more justice in such studies of peasant life as "Spring," a

sense of form are excellently expressed. "Silver-point" sounds very technical to the ordinary ear—and strange explanations of what it means are often heard. As a matter of fact, it is only the return to a method common enough in the days before lead pencils existed, and artists employed a silver pencil to draw upon a specially prepared paper. It is thanks to the use of this imperishable medium that we still possess—in the British Museum—so many specimens of the drawings of Botticelli, Raffaele, Albert Dürer, and others who were accustomed to make studies in silver-point. It is, perhaps, permissible to turn for a moment from the works to the artist, who



A BUTTERFLY.

Purchased by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

brings into the career he has chosen a name so well known in quite another sphere of art. Students of heredity and of psychology might deduce some interesting theory from the special development of Mr. C. Sainton's talent, when they recall the eminence attained by both his father and mother—the former as an instrumentalist, the latter as a vocalist. Both were distinguished by thoroughness of method and purity of style, as well as by other qualities of which it is unnecessary here to speak. It may be confidently hoped from the proofs already given that these qualities will be found perpetuated in their son's art.



TWILIGHT.

girl leaning against the trunk of a tree, whose branches show the first signs of the returning season, or in the more pathetic reminiscence of Mr. Sainton's "Caravan Life in France." But these are not so much in accordance with the present taste as such studies behind the scenes as "A Spider's Web," "At the Wings," "A Butterfly," or "Un Rêve." In the two allegorical studies of "The New Moon" and "Twilight," Mr. Sainton has touched a deeper chord with no uncertain hand, and it is the refinement and fancy which such works display that make it probable that he will not long be satisfied with his present range of art. Meanwhile, he has found in silver-point a vehicle in every way suitable, for by it his light touch, his constant variety, and his subtle



UN RÊVE.

THE LATE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



BLenheim PALACE.
THE SEAT OF THE MARLBOROUGH FAMILY.



THE LATE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.



JOHN CHURCHILL,
FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, 1650—1722.

The death of George Charles Spencer-Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, which took place suddenly at the Palace of Blenheim on Nov. 9,



gives one pause in recalling the records of an historic family. The Duke—eighth of the name—was, it is almost needless to recapitulate, a descendant of that famous Duke of whom Voltaire said that he never fought a battle which he did not win, nor besieged a town which he did not take. To have had the hero of Blenheim and Ramillies for ancestor has necessarily been a pre-eminent credential to English life, and successive Churchills—the second Duke was a nephew of the first—have held important public positions. Within our own memories the seventh Duke of Marlborough was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and held high positions in Conservative Administrations. The eighth Duke has taken a less active part in public life than his brother, Lord Randolph Churchill; but he was a man of remarkable intellectual endowments, and many of his contributions to periodical literature would have secured attention apart from the historic name of the writer. The Duke was twice married—in 1869 to a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, by whom he had one son and three daughters; and in 1888 to Lily Warren, daughter of Cicero Price, Commodore of the United States Navy, and widow of Louis Hammersley, of New York. The Marquis of Blandford, who came of age three days after his father's death, is an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he has attained to some distinction.



CHARLES RICHARD JOHN, MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD,
NINTH DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, BORN NOV. 13, 1871.

NOVELISTS AND REVIEWERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

In the last number of the *Author* a question is raised which interests lawyers, novelists, reviewers, and even readers : What is a novelist to do when he is not pleased with the reviews of his book? What is anyone to do? Make up his mind not to mind it is the natural answer. But the *Author* offers the following remarks, which I quote textually, that there may be no misrepresentation—

"In sending a book for review one invites an opinion, and must not grumble if the opinion is unfavourable. But then, when the opinion, good or bad, is pronounced without reading the book at all? or when the book has been imperfectly read? or when the book is misrepresented? or when, in the case of a novel or a poem, the opinion is given without the least understanding of art? or when it is simply a malignant opinion? or when it is the work of the professional bludgeon-wielder? or when it is the opinion of a schoolgirl or a novice hand put on to do the reviews? or when it is a line and a-half in a batch of twenty books? In most of these cases, the best thing to do, I believe, is to say nothing, but to take very good care that no copies of future works shall go to that review. But then there is nothing to prevent any review, or any reviewer, from 'slating' the book without a presentation copy. Is there? Is that so? If a man falsely say of a baker that he makes poisonous bread; or of a chemist that his pills are pure flour and water; or of a physician that he is a quack; or of a solicitor that his advice is not to be trusted—these practitioners have their remedy in a court of law. And so, I believe, has the author upon whose work the reviewer uninvited makes an onslaught. He may bring an action as one who has suffered material injury by the uninvited reviewer."

"This is a delightful question to raise, it opens so many vistas. Apparently, it is admitted that a reviewer may fail to praise a novel with safety so long as the novel has been sent to his journal for review; but if an indignant author does not send his next book, and if the reviewer none the less dispraises it, then, as I understand the *Author*, he is in the position of one who "falsely says of a baker that he makes poisonous bread," and so on. But if the person who alleges that the bread is poisonous says so truly, and demonstrates the truth of his statement, then I suppose the baker has no legal remedy. Really, I am not sure, but I do not think the poisonous baker would get damages. Now, "put case," that A writes a novel which B thinks a poisonous novel. He sends it to B's paper. B says it is bad. A does not send his next novel. B buys it, says it is bad; and A brings an action. Then, surely, A will be in the position of the baker. If B can persuade a judge and a British jury that A's novel is morally poisonous, A will not take much by his legal proceedings. Of course, this is putting a strong case; few novels can be properly spoken of as poisonous. Let us state it more mildly: let B's verdict be that A's novel (on which A never invited his opinion) is ungrammatical, or inartistic, or impossible, or ill-composed, or not amusing, or in very bad taste. Then let A bring his case. Clearly, B is only in the position of the *Author's* libeller of the baker, if B makes these charges *falsely*. A British jury will have to decide whether the novel is or is not ungrammatical, tedious, inartistic, improbable, and so forth. A jury is a queer tribunal to select for such a decision. Probably the jury would naturally side with the novelist, as one who is interfered with in his trade. One wishes that the case would arise—a case with no moral bearing, no charge of plagiarism, indecency, or the like, a case in which the charges are merely aesthetic.

The advice of the *Author* not to send a book to a journal where the reviewing has been malignant, careless, ignorant, short, and so forth, is very well, but somehow neither publishers nor authors seem to care to act upon it. Suppose that a writer is dissatisfied with his notices in the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Spectator*; suppose he boycotts those august journals. I do not predict for him a very great success, though it is quite possible that he might obtain it. Perhaps the most popular modern books are independent of criticism. Still, there is a prejudice in favour of being praised by those who speak with more or less weight of authority. But here the author and publisher can please themselves, even to the extent of withdrawing their advertisements.

Another question comes up: Who is to decide whether a review, if unfavourable, is careless, or whether the critic has "no understanding of art," or whether his opinion is "simply malignant," or whether he is "a professional bludgeon-wielder," or "a schoolgirl," or a "novice"? Who is to decide? I myself once wrote a little book, which was reviewed by an acquaintance. He knew more about the subject than I did, and he firmly pointed out a number of mistakes. Well, so much the better; that was a really useful review. But an impetuous friend wrote to me denouncing that brute Jones for his malignant carping. Jones had been perfectly accurate in his censures, and it was his duty to make them. But then, I am not a novelist; if I had been, I might have reckoned my Jones malignant, or a professional bludgeon-wielder, or a school-girl, or a novice. Alas! it was I who was the novice. On another occasion, a friend told me that someone had complained to him of my malignant review of his book. I had read neither the book nor the review, but I examined the review, and it seemed fair, courteous, and rather laudatory than otherwise; moreover, no one who knew the real critic could possibly have suggested that he or she was ignorant or censorious. Only the vanity of the author was to blame. I do not think that, even when we happen to be novelists, we are the best critics of our critics. We may conceivably think them malignant, or prejudiced, or incompetent, just because they do not happen to admire us or this work of ours. In books of special studies it is different. We can tell whether, for example, a critic knows the difference

between a scholiast and a schoolman—an elementary piece of information. However, I declare that I would not myself bring an action against a critic, even if he showed that he thought a schoolman was a scholiast. *Non est tanti*. An uninvited critic wrote a book to prove that the *Waverley Novels* were destructive to religion and morality. Scott did not bring an action against this foolish fellow.

There is one way of getting rid of critical novices and persons not understanding the art. Editors might set novelists to review novelists: perhaps they sometimes do. Unluckily, it is to be feared that, if the critical novelist did not admire his brother's work, the brother would only rage the more fiercely, and would speak of jealousy and envy. I am not maintaining that there are no careless, prejudiced, indolent reviewers of novels, as of other works. There are plenty. But I doubt if the novelist and his friends are the best judges as to whether an unfavourable review is ignorant and malignant or is a perfectly honest expression of a sincere opinion. There actually are persons who may honestly dislike any one of us and his works, and they have as much right to say so as to say that they like them. It is the same in all the arts. A man may speak his mind in print about the pictures in the Academy, even if he had no ticket for the Press view. It seems to me, as one not learned in the law, that any man has a right to review any book, and that, as long as he does not misrepresent it, morally or aesthetically, he is legally safe in so doing, even if it was not sent by the publisher to the journal in which he writes his criticism. If he does misrepresent it, probably he is not safe, even if the book invited the criticism of his paper. If we may not say that we do not admire a novel (and saying that is usually the crime) where is the happy liberty of the Press? Is a statute of *scandalum magnatum* to be revived for the sacred novelist? One can imagine a paper which should refuse all presents of books for review, and I doubt if that paper would go more in danger of legal proceedings than another. A published book seems as much a fair topic for criticism as a speech made in public.

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THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

Some little time has now elapsed since the persecution of the Jews in Russia excited an indignant protest from civilised Europe. It is understood that Baron de Hirsch's scheme for the transport of Russian Jews to the Argentine has been approved in principle by the Czar, and that committees have been formed for its practical execution. That their task should be a slow business is in keeping with the official traditions of Russia, and the whole project has sufficient hazard to make conceivable an indefinite number of hitches. Meanwhile, there is no lack of material for stimulating public interest in what Mr. Harold Frederic aptly calls "The New Exodus" (Heinemann). In the volume which bears this title Mr. Frederic traces the history of the Jewish question in Russia, and brings home to the Czar and his advisers the responsibility for the grossest violation of humanity within living memory. There can be no doubt that Mr. Frederic's indictment is substantially accurate. The persecution is not due, as Mr. Joseph Pennell would have us believe, to the intolerable habits of the Jews. It is essentially a religious crusade. The Holy Synod of the Greek Orthodox Church, which has not emerged from the midnight of fanatical barbarism, is bent on extinguishing every form of religious dissent in the Russian Empire. The Procurator of the Synod, M. Pobiedonotseff, "a sincerely and fanatically pious man," who retires periodically to a monastery, where he "mortifies the flesh as vigorously as any anchorite," conceived the idea of driving the Jews back to the Pale—the rigidly defined district to which they were originally confined by law. A beginning was made by harrying the Jewish population of Moscow, whose sufferings are described by Mr. Frederic in language which is not exaggerated, simply because the facts surpass the resources of the strongest vocabulary. The Governor-General of Moscow, Prince Dolgoroukoff, a humane and upright administrator, was disgraced, and in his place was appointed the Grand Duke Serge, a model of vicious incompetence. The blunt truth about this personage cannot be told in decent print. In the dead of night and in the depth of winter seven hundred Jews were suddenly driven from their homes, robbed of all they possessed, and subjected to every form of outrage. We have no reason to believe that this is not a simple and rather bald statement of the truth, which shows that the persecution originated in a deliberate conspiracy against the liberties of a people who up to that time had enjoyed comparative security.

The dominant motives of the Holy Synod and its illustrious disciple being manifest, it is difficult to appreciate the object of Mr. Pennell's diatribe against the Jews. In a volume called "The Jew at Home" (Heinemann), Mr. Pennell has reprinted the articles he contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, and has prefaced them with a vigorous polemic, chiefly directed against the "Native of Brody" who in our columns controverted some of Mr. Pennell's statements about that town. Mr. Pennell stands to his guns with his customary tenacity. Though we like him better as an artist than as a pamphleteer, it must be acknowledged that never was he known to turn his back to a foe. But we submit to Mr. Pennell that the sanitary condition of Brody is not, after all, the most important issue raised by his book. He is not content to describe what he saw with his own eyes. He goes much further, and suggests that because the Jews of Russia are dirty and "clannish" they have been made the objects of misplaced sympathy. We will quote a passage which is a good specimen of Mr. Pennell's controversial manner: "The people who at the present time are clamouring so wildly for the relief of the Russian Jew have not even as good arguments as this 'Native of Brody,' and their only outlet seems to be in contributing to *Darkest Russia* and appealing to hysterical parsons, whose ignorance is only equalled by their grandiloquence." What is the ignorance which Mr. Pennell rebukes? Apparently it is this: that people in this country whose indignation has been excited by the cruelties to the Jews do not know that it is the "odious characteristics" of these victims of oppression which "have driven the Russians to get rid of them." If this be true, then all the witnesses, except Mr. Pennell, are labouring under an hallucination. Mr. Pennell has his policy for the Jewish question, and it is striking in its simplicity. We must take the Russian Jew, and "break up his old customs his clannishness, his dirt, and his filth." So when Baron de Hirsch has transported his Jews to South America he must take care that they cease to be Jews and become South Americans.

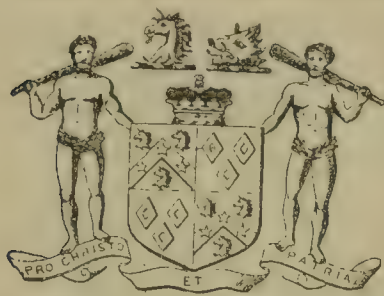
We are afraid that this theory will find few supporters. It is true, as Mr. Pennell says, that no country in Europe wants these unfortunate people, but that is mainly because every country has its own economic problems and has no taste for importing the social difficulties of other nations. If the Argentine Republic were to say flatly that it would in no circumstances permit the creation of Jewish colonies, this would settle the fate of Baron de Hirsch's scheme in that quarter. But to suggest that the customs of the Jews should be broken up is about as promising a solution of the problem as to propose that the Irish question should be settled by forcing every Irishman to speak with an English accent. As for the idea that the habits of the Russian Jews relieve the Czar of all the responsibility for inhuman bigotry, we fancy that Mr. Pennell will find it difficult to persuade the public that this is the only reasonable counterblast to the "hysterical parsons."

Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, on Wednesday, Nov. 9, with her husband, visited Hampstead to open a bazaar at the Vestry Hall, Haverstock Hill, in aid of the Industrial Home for Boys in Copenhagen Street, Islington. The Bishop of Bedford, Canon Girdlestone, Mr. R. B. Woodd, Major-General Jones, and Major Langford were present among the patrons and managers of the institution, which was started thirty-six years ago, and has now accommodation for a hundred boys. Some are sent to Canada, others into the Army or Navy.

OBITUARY.

THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

The Most Noble Sir James Henry Robert Innes-Ker, Duke of Roxburghe, Marquis of Bowmont and Cessford, Earl of Roxburghe, Earl of Kelso, Viscount Broxmouth, Baron Roxburghe, and Baron Ker of Cessford and Cavertoun in Scotland. Earl Innes in the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, died at Floors Castle, Kelso, on Oct. 23. His Grace was born Sept. 5, 1839, the eldest son of the sixth Duke by Susanna Stephania, his wife, only child of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Dalbiac, K.C.H., and was married June 11, 1874, to Lady Anne Emily Spencer-Churchill, V.A., fourth daughter of Sir John Winston, seventh Duke of Marlborough, K.G., and had, besides other issue, Henry John, born July 25, 1876, who succeeds him in the family honours. His Grace was Lord Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, D.L. for Berwick, and M.A. (Oxon.). He represented the county of Roxburgh in Parliament from 1870 to 1874, and was one of her Majesty's Body Guard for Scotland.



SIR RICHARD FRANCIS KEANE.

Sir Richard Francis Keane, Baronet, of Cappoquin House, county Waterford, died at his residence on Oct. 17. He was born June 13, 1845, and married July 30, 1872, Adelaide Sidney, elder daughter and only surviving child of John Vance, Esq., M.P., and had, besides other issue, John, born June 3, 1873, who succeeds to the baronetcy. Sir Richard was D.L. for county Waterford (High Sheriff 1882) and a civil engineer. He unsuccessfully contested the West Division of county Waterford in 1885.



THE BISHOP OF BRITISH GUIANA.

The Right Rev. W. P. Austin, D.D., Bishop of British Guiana during half a century, has died at the age of nearly ninety. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and took his degree in 1829. In the following year he was ordained, and in 1842 was consecrated in Westminster Abbey to the See of Guiana. In 1883 he became Primate of the West Indies, and last year, on the death of Bishop Perry, was appointed Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Dr. Austin's episcopal jubilee was celebrated in August last at Georgetown, Demerara.

MR. CHAPMAN FAUNCE-DELAUNE.

Mr. Faunce-Delaune, of Sharsted Court, Sittingbourne, who died on Nov. 10, was High Sheriff of Kent in 1886, and was owner of much property in South London. He was a scientific and practical agriculturist of some reputation, who made useful experiments in the growth of tobacco in England. Mr. Faunce-Delaune lately travelled in India, where his wife died some months ago. An institution for the benefit of young men in the parish of St. Mary's, Newington, London, was founded and maintained by this gentleman.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Some very suggestive things were said at a recent meeting of the West London Church Union. Sir Walter Phillimore (who has recently been defending Mr. Gladstone at the Oxford Union) expressed his concern at the growing Toryism of the Church. The *Guardian*, he said, in his younger days used to possess a Liberal element seldom noticeable now. The *Church Times* used to be "Radical and Democratic and impudent" in the extreme. He often rubbed his eyes and wondered whether he could have been asleep when he noticed the difference now. The High Church clergy, he thought, had less hold of the working classes than any other, and he attributed this to the clergy ranging themselves on the side of privilege and patronage and wealth.

Mr. Gore frankly said that he knew very little of the working classes. But from all he could gather he believed that the High Church movement had not in any degree taken a proper hold of the working classes. Ritualism did not attract them, and the Church had conspicuously failed to look at things from the working classes' point of view. Mr. Gore referred specially to the Game Laws, and "that movement brought up by Mr. Arch."

Puritanism, in Mr. Gore's opinion, is dead—dead or dying. Broad Churchism has also disappeared. "There was a tendency some twenty years ago to persuade men's consciences that they must take Orders in the Church without really believing the substantial articles of the Creed. That attempt on the part of some conspicuous latitudinarian members of the Church had been defeated by the consciences of men."

The first Free Church Congress at Manchester is considered to have been fairly successful, though the membership was exceedingly small, including only thirty Baptists and fourteen Presbyterians. Considering that for five shillings any lay member of these denominations could be admitted, it will be seen that the response to the invitations issued was discouraging in the extreme. But the services were well attended by the public, and there was some vigorous speaking. A resolution in favour of religious equality was carried with only one dissenter. The promoters did their best to keep at the subject, being apparently anxious to avoid a hostile attitude to the Church of England.

The Rev. J. R. Illingworth, "the subtle devout thinker" of the High Church party, has a new volume of sermons in the press. A selection from Dean Church's University and Cathedral sermons is also in preparation. It may be hoped that Dr. Church's sermons will be published this time at a reasonable price. Four shillings and sixpence for four sermons of moderate length is an extravagant price, however good the sermons may be.

Matters have settled down in the Metropolitan Tabernacle since Dr. Pierson's arrival, but the conflict is merely postponed. Both parties are agreed to wait till his engagement ends, six months after this, when the late pastor's son, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, will be invited to fill the pulpit again.

Seldom, indeed, is the appearance of any book hailed with so much interest in Oxford as was the publication of Mr. J. A. Stewart's long-expected treatise on "Aristotle's Ethics" last week. Mr. Stewart has made this the labour of his life; and it is the first commentary. Sir A. Grant's edition is weak, on the side of philosophy at any rate, and does not meet present day requirements.

THE LATE SAMUEL BRANDRAM.

The Prince of Shaksperian reciters is dead, and lies at rest in a picturesque corner of Richmond Cemetery. In the special sense, he was the creator of his art. The revelation of his true career, as to so many men, was the gift of a crushing misfortune—he lost the whole of his patrimony. Till 1876 he had practised as a barrister, filling up the rather wide blanks in his legal engagements with steady devotion to Shakspeare. He had always been a great reader of the poet. The fascination held him, in boyhood days, as a pupil at King's College, London, and was, so to speak, stereotyped when an undergraduate at Trinity. He won fame in those far-away times as an athlete, but it was with a copy in his pocket of some Shaksperian play ready to be drawn forth at intervals of sought or enforced leisure. We may assume that it was carried by him up Swiss mountains, for climbing was a vacation passion, and he qualified as a member of the Alpine club. Some attention he also gave, when he arrived in London, to volunteering, and rose to be a captain in the "Devil's Own." His dramatic sympathies led him to join the "Canterbury Old Stagers," and later its offshoot, the "Windsor Strollers." There were some brilliant young minds in these little dramatic coteries, and he acted in such goodly company as that of Albert Smith, "Joe" Robins, and Mr. Edmund Yates. This was the ripe era of penny readings, which, in the minds of their sanguine originators, were to open up to the artisan and labouring classes the hitherto terra incognita of polite literature. Mr. Brandram's services were extensively in request. But his reading of Shakspeare yet kept so far ahead of his Shakspeare readings that in the principal plays he was already little short of letter-perfect. One memorable evening while on the way to an entertainment he pleased himself with going over some of the Shaksperian scenes which he was about to read. The thought flashed through his



THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM.

mind that as he was so near knowing entire plays by heart he might as well fully equip himself, and get rid of the elocutionary-hampering book. In that day it was too bold a step to take without thought. He turned the matter fully over in his mind and then, like the devoted husband he always was, took counsel with Mrs. Brandram—the charming Miss Julia Murray of old theatrical days. The result was a resolution to try the experiment. It was so completely successful that he decided to "read" no more, and he never did. What strengthened his determination was the scope—revealed to him in its fullest extent only at that time—which reciting gave to his dramatic powers.

Dean Hole, in his recently published "Memories," expresses "high admiration" of his "old, dear friend Sam Brandram," who, "without scenery, without a prompter, possesses a marvellous power of personating not only one character but all the characters of a Shaksperian play; who in the most minute particular, such as the three distinct voices of the witches in 'Macbeth,' never forgets to vary his intonation." But what to the writer's mind is still more wonderful was the distinctness with which, in the most differentiated dialogue, he could nicely discriminate, not merely individuals, but their varying moods—their sympathies and antipathies, their hates, fears, loves, joys, and sorrows—in short, the whole gamut of emotions by which they were swayed at the moment. Portia, Ophelia, Miranda, as types, will at once recur to the mind of anyone who has had the luxury of frequently hearing Mr. Brandram. Like most Shaksperian scholars, he fell deeply in love with his heroines. They seemed by his abundantly suggestive expositions to be not "visions," but "corporeal entities," and nothing gave the reciter greater pleasure than the applause of his audience which recognised his personation of them. His favourite play for recitation purposes was "Macbeth," which he also found most difficult to retain completely in memory. But "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "The Tempest" were, perhaps, intrinsically dearer to him as plays of thought, sentiment, and imagination. Mr. Brandram found northern audiences more responsive than others, and Manchester, where he had a weekly engagement for the season, was his favourite town. As indicating the demands made upon him, it may be stated that his engagement diary was quite full up to Christmas, in several instances including afternoon and evening recitals.

F. T. S.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR SOCIALISM.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Bearing in mind the great labour demonstration in Trafalgar Square, let us cast an eye on Mr. George Greenman, promoter and secretary of the London Domestic Servants' Union, mark the business he has cut out for himself, observe the figure he made before the Labour Commission the other day, and see what the lesson is.

The domestic servants employed in London are believed by Mr. Greenman to number 240,000 persons or thereabout. A member of the Social Democratic Federation, it struck Mr. Greenman that Trades Unionism had done nothing as yet to rescue this vast body of workers from the tyranny of employers. Accordingly, he formed the Domestic Servants' Union—a fighting society pure and simple, with no admixture of those mutual "benefit" purposes which seem to admit the principle of self-help. To resist oppression, and to extort from capitalist employers the rights denied to domestic Labour—these are the sole objects of the union, the subscription to which is a penny a week with a shilling entrance fee. In less than six months seven hundred members had been enrolled, and Mr. Greenman appeared before the Labour Commission on its behalf. If other organisers of the Revolt of Labour had wrongs to complain of and demands to make, so had he.

First, and above all other wrongs, he denounced the summary discharge of domestic servants. He knows, of course, that servants cannot be so discharged without wages in lieu of "notice"; but the demand of his union is that if a discharged servant elects to remain in his master's house for a month after he has been found a nuisance in it he may do so by Act of Parliament. Mr. Greenman's other complaints were that domestic servants are frequently condemned to bad sleeping accommodation (in underground cellars, for example), and that their food is often vile and insufficient. By way of redressing their wrongs, the union holds that both male and female servants ought to be admitted to the franchise. But what Mr. Greenman wanted more was "to kick over and abolish the system of paying servants by wages." He wanted them to be "paid in kind." Examined at some length as to how he proposed to manage that sort of payment, he acknowledged at last that he had not quite made up his mind. One thing, however, he had no doubt about. Parliament should order that "no domestic servant should be employed more than a certain number of hours a day": that "most decidedly." What should the number of hours be? Personally, he should say eight—eight consecutive hours for preference; and that Mr. Greenman understood to be the feeling among domestic servants themselves. He admitted to Mr. Courtney, however, that a double shift of butlers might be inconvenient; and when it was put to him that a family of two might find it a hard compulsion to have one parlour-maid at breakfast-time and another at supper, he explained that the Union "did not want to stretch a point like that." Nevertheless, he stuck to it that Parliament ought to step in and regulate the domestic servants' hours of labour. "If the Government," he said, "can organise arsenals for the manufacture of weapons to murder people, surely they can organise people's work. I don't think it is going too far to organise the work of domestic servants."

Now, it would be manifestly unfair to rank Mr. Greenman with Labour leaders generally. They do not make his mistakes, which, however, there is no reason to regret. That he has all their sincerity with but little of their intelligence is obvious; for, otherwise, his appearance before the Labour Commissioners with such views and opinions and demands as he laid before them would have been impossible. None of the New Unionist leaders are wanting in sincerity, but none, except Mr. Greenman, lack discretion. Abounding in the one quality, totally destitute of the other, he commits the beneficial blunder of carrying New Unionist and Socialist doctrine to its logical excess at once. For this good service we are indebted to him, and also for an opportunity of pointing out what is, upon the whole, the worst and most deplorable error of the agitation which Mr. Greenman has so fully illustrated.

As to profits and wages in the cotton trade, the iron trade, and other kinds of business, few of us know much; but in one capacity or another we all know the conditions of domestic service at the present day. And our knowledge being what it is, we are able to say that Mr. Greenman's account of it is as wrong as his remedies are ridiculous. He declares that servants are worse paid than they used to be; which is as true as that they are badly fed and foully lodged, or that wherever they are ill-treated in that way they are compelled to submit because of the difficulty of placing themselves where they can be sufficiently well off. But while these unjust complaints are made, nothing is said of what, after the vastly improved conditions of domestic service, is the greatest change in it—namely, the disappearance of a friendly family spirit among servants, and the substitution, not merely of indifference, but of class oppugnancy. Perhaps there was never so much of the friendly family spirit as we are apt to believe; but as to the other thing, there can be no doubt that it is growing more and more general, and that it is the thousands of good masters and mistresses who do their utmost to overcome it. And now here is this absurd "Union" to sanction, organise, and intensify class hostility in the household as well as in the workshop. The founder of the society is himself compelled to admit that considering the relations in which domestic servants and their hirers live together, the comfort of the one must depend very much on what he calls "the Christianity and brotherly love" of the other. "Christianity and brotherly love" is language too large for the occasion. The "observance of duty and common kindness" will do instead; and that amendment made, it remains to be said that the comfort of all who live in the same household, mistress and master and servants alike, depends very much on this observance. The fact is, however, that while beyond all doubt the richer do in this generation acknowledge more of duty to the poorer and practise more of common kindness, there is no corresponding reciprocation in any of the various relations of employer and employed. Accusations of selfishness, oppression, cruelty, robbery, become louder and more rife on the one side just as a more generous sense of the obligations of humanity extends on the other. To these wildly unjust accusations, organised coercion and hostility succeed, as we see them employed by the New Unionism. The Trafalgar Square demonstration was nothing else. It was not a parade of poverty, which no one could complain of—it was, in design and conduct, a parade of menace, and of menace provoked not by want alone. That any good can come of these cultivated hostilities and hatreds is surely very doubtful; while at least one deplorable result is likely to ensue. The "brotherly love" which M. Greenman, with all his folly, understands to be so indispensable in the matter cannot be stimulated by suggestions of "the lantern," nor is it to be "knocked out of" one part of the community by another as a right. It is not by these means that Socialism or the New Unionism will extend the spirit of kindness which is the most splendidly hopeful product of the age. On the contrary, they may destroy it; and if they do, it will be a blunder indeed.



VIEW OF LONDON FROM ST. PAUL'S, LOOKING EASTWARD.

LITERATURE.

THE VOYAGE OF THE CHALLENGER.

Notes by a Naturalist on the Voyage of H.M.S. Challenger. By H. N. Moseley, M.A., F.R.S. A new and revised edition, with a brief memoir of the author. (John Murray, 1892.)—Copies of the first edition of this book (published in 1879) have become rare and correspondingly prized, therefore the present reprint is most welcome. The book itself is one of the few records of travel and exploration which, like Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle" and Bates's "Amazons," "age cannot wither." The many-sidedness of the brilliant and lamented author redeems it from all defect of specialism, and the zest with which he entered into every branch of biological and kindred inquiry is imparted to his fresh and vivid pages. As the detailed scientific results of the famous voyage of the Challenger round the world in the years 1872-76 already fill fifty quarto volumes, and the tale is not yet complete, such convenient and accurate summary of those results as is supplied by Professor Moseley's narrative is essential to outsiders interested in deep-sea exploration. Of the twenty-two chapters which compose the book, twenty-one are given to description of the countries visited during the time—about two-fifths of the whole—that the scientific staff was on shore. Although of the places themselves, save the bleak borders of the yet unpenetrated Antarctic region, there was little new to tell, Professor Moseley renews interest in them, both in the matters described and the thoughts which they suggest. For example, the spectacle of a Fijian dance leads to remarks on the origin of music, poetry, and the drama; the finding of fossil bones opens a discussion on the rise of belief in mythical monsters—the mermaid, the unicorn, and the dragon; and the pile-dwellings in the Philippine Islands on the causes of a mode of life which in one or another part of the globe has prevailed from the earliest neolithic or polished-stone-using periods. Although Moseley was a naturalist by profession, and will have permanent place among modern biologists for his important memoirs, notably that on the curious, caterpillar-like "Peripatus," an existing representative of the ancestor of all air-breathing arthropods—that is, insects, spiders, &c.—anthropology was his favourite study. Consequently, the book is crammed with good things for the student of manners and customs, one most interesting parallel being that between the well-known "scouring of the White Horse" in Berkshire and the clearing of an area at Kioto, in Japan, where a large figure is cut on the hillside. The last chapter deals with the main object of the Challenger Expedition—the investigation of the physical conditions and natural history of the deep sea all over the world. Although our knowledge on these matters was enlarged, the additions can hardly be said to be of any great importance. The conditions of life in cold, sunless depths, illumined only by the phosphorescent light emitted by pelagic animals, vary but little throughout the waters that cover three-fourths of the earth's surface. Consequently, the record of the dredging work becomes monotonous; so rarely does a new "find" reward the toil. Nevertheless, of the teeming forms that live among the Gulf weed or swim the depths where the pressure on every square inch of body-surface is three tons much is revealed for wonder and speculation. On such matters as the food-supply of deep-sea animals, their migrations, their relation to more ancient organisms, the habits and protective colouration of those on the ocean surface, Professor Moseley says enough to whet the appetite for more. Besides numerous woodcuts, a useful map, showing the respective tracks of the Beagle and the Challenger, is added, and one of Moseley's pupils contributes a brief but excellently written memoir of a life which it is sad to reflect was cut short by overwork, persisted in despite warning headaches and depression.

EDWARD CLODD.

PAUL BOURGET IN ENGLISH.

A Saint, and Others. From the French of Paul Bourget. The translation by John Gray. (London: Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. 1892.)—All M. Paul Bourget's work is distinct and accomplished in writing, while some of it is exquisite in that respect, and very far beyond the average in conception. Nor are the tales which Mr. John Gray has selected for translation unworthy of the selection. But, unfortunately, this is not quite the same thing as saying that the translation is worthy of the tales. No doubt a writer like M. Bourget, who attempts so little effect of incident or story, who picks his own phrases with such dainty care, is very hard to translate satisfactorily. But it is a brutal old saying that difficulty is a reason for not trying, or for leaving off, not a reason for doing badly. Now, many worse translations than this of French, especially of French novels, have recently issued from English presses; but it is bad enough. The troublesome demonstratives and the *on*—that "boye," to speak Ibsenically, of French translation—have beset and ensnared Mr. Gray; the treacherous Conditional, with its plausible suggestions of "might, could, would, or should" at discretion, has overcome him; ambiguous words like *raste*, which seem so English, and are not English at all, have led him astray. He writes "scarcely linked than broken off," apparently unconscious that though "scarcely" and "no sooner" sometimes agree pretty closely in meaning they require very different constructions. And he caps the climax of our discomfiture by talking about "Voltaire—Kehl's edition of the complete works." Is there any being erect on two legs and possessing sufficient knowledge of French and literature to be able to undertake, and desirous of undertaking, a translation of M. Bourget, who does not know that Kehl is a place, not a person, and that it was the place of the imprint, if not the place of printing, of the first complete edition of Voltaire—the biggest and boldest book speculation before this century? After all, this is not so bad as marring the story of "A Gambler" with the hideous phrase "society women." It is not hypocritical to say that to translate M. Bourget it is necessary to know a good deal of French and to use nothing but pure English.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

The Life and Adventures of Christopher Columbus. By Alexander Innes, M.A. (Glasgow: David Bryce and Son.)—Columbus literature grows apace. The present volume does not, however, pretend to be anything more than a brief and concise epitome of the larger and more detailed narratives, "omitting," says its author, "all the more unimportant details." Mr. Innes cannot be accused of sacrificing historical accuracy to a meretricious picturesqueness, and, indeed, his fidelity to matter-of-fact is almost too scrupulous—at least, he gives one the impression of being nervously afraid lest anything of the glamour of romance should light up the sober literalness of his chronicle. Then, too, his phrase "all the more unimportant details" evidently includes a great deal which, though not of prime importance historically, is of the keenest interest to any reader who wishes to know something not only of what the great navigator *did*, but also of what manner of man he *was*. The result is thus somewhat colourless.

A NEW STORY-TELLER.

King Billy of Ballarat, and Other Stories. By Morley Roberts. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The Reputation of George Saxon, and Other Stories. By the same. (Cassell and Co.)

The Mate of the Vancouver. By the same. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The first impression these volumes make upon me is that Mr. Morley Roberts is a man of many styles. He has studied Mr. Kipling very closely, and can reproduce his manner with curious fidelity. Two or three of these stories have the unmistakable seal of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills"—the air of prodigious meaning forced into a small compass, the flavour of a surpassing wisdom in phrases of artful nonchalance, and that intimacy with human nature which begets a half-contemptuous pity. These little idiosyncrasies, which belong, so to speak, to the epidermis of Rudyard Kipling's genius, are very well imitated by Mr. Roberts when he is in this particular mood. Here, for instance, is a passage from a capital story called "Mithridates the King": "They ate as if they were eating dry crusts in a prison, and looked at each other furtively. They drank as though they wanted to swamp hot fires within, and grew a little braver. But for all that they looked strange, white-livered hounds, and not to be liked. The foolish young men and girls, and the foolish old men, with girls by no means foolish in their generation, looked wise and great beside them. As there are different infirmities, there are different degradations. To be greatly afraid after a deliberate act is to wallow in the sink of the nethermost pit. They drank on." This is the external Kipling to the life, with all the unerring philosophy, and the accurate acquaintance with every human waste-pipe, which are among that writer's most endearing traits, though they have nothing to do with his real insight and artistic faculty.

Presently the Kipling influence passes off, and Mr. Roberts betakes himself to the Wild West. I have often wondered why "Buffalo Bill" has never conceived the idea of enacting at Wild West Kensington the typical tragedy so dear to the writers of Californian idylls. It is as easy as "buck-jumping." A party of cowboys might quarrel about cards, or a woman, or a horse, and thrill the small boy and the gentle shopkeeper with the readiness of the "shooting-irons." As a pictorial exhibition this might have its value, but I confess to being unutterably bored by the Californian short story. In his secret soul the original inventor of this branch of fiction must be very weary of it. I remember a tale of Bret Harte's in which one of his most homicidal heroes yearned for calm (he called it "kam"), and it struck me that this was really a protest from the author against the horrid doom which compelled him to go on spinning these bloodthirsty legends out of the revolver of Mr. Colt. In this line of business Mr. Roberts has easily acquired all the theatrical "properties." There is the drinking-bar, with the landlord ready to dodge the most capricious bullet; here are the desperadoes, who have stolen the sheriff's horses; here, too, is the impartial bystander, who plays the part of chorus, and wonders whether the sheriff will show "grit"; here comes the sheriff, with an eye gleaming like a pistol-barrel. Everybody can imagine the rest, and every 'prentice story-teller can pick up the tricks of the Wild West tragedy without the smallest trouble. The real difficulties of the trade do not begin till the story-teller tries his hand on the "kam" of civilisation. But Mr. Roberts's imitations are not yet exhausted. His "Mate of the Vancouver," which has a whole volume to itself, is something between Mr. Clark Russell and Mr. Stevenson—Seylla and Charybdis. In a fatal moment, Mr. Roberts resolved to make his mate tell the story in a simple, seafaring way, with that ostentatious indifference to "style" which is usually the prelude to laborious elaboration. Experience has made me suspicious of the innocent salt who begins his artless tale by protesting that it is not "a yarn spun by a professional novel-writer." I know that before long I shall find him expostulating with the origin of sin in this most unprofessional fashion: "What a thing man was that he should do such deeds! I rose, and a feeling of sorrow and remorse for this terrible death of a fellow-creature made me stagger. I put my hand to my brow, and then peered over the edge of the cañon. What was I looking for? Was I looking into the river of Fate?" I should say that he was looking for that beautiful profession of nautical simplicity with which he began the story.

So far, there is no glimpse of the real Morley Roberts in these somewhat ancient disguises, but fortunately this unloading of three volumes on the patient critic all at once enables him to penetrate the author's various assumptions and behold the actual man. Fiction becomes a poor thing when it is treated as a sort of *bal masqué*, at which one goes masquerading as Kipling, Stevenson, Bret Harte, or any other eminent hand. I do not find Mr. Morley Roberts in the tale of the man who was skinned alive by Indians, nor among the deferential echoes of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." But a symptom of individuality manifests itself in "King Billy of Ballarat," the humour of which is no borrowed plumage. In "Father and Son" Mr. Roberts has run heredity to death, but a strong idea is strongly handled. "A Domestic Tragedy" has a really dramatic situation, and the story of Johann Eckert, whose conscience is troubled because he puts arsenic into the soup of some murderous Hottentots, is genuinely impressive. "The Reputation of George Saxon" is mechanical, and the mechanism is far from faultless; for the parson who discovered that Mr. Saxon had been trading on other people's brains, and who was jockeyed out of his hush-money, would certainly have "blown the gaff," to use the expressive idiom of the criminal classes. But when Mr. Roberts can shake off the habit of inventing his characters to fit his surprises—the most elementary form of the story-teller's art—he will find his true strength on the lines of the sketch entitled "The Plot of His Story." This is not because he has imagined a novelist writing a scene of separation between husband and wife, when his own spouse is walking out at the front door, never to return. But in this story are observation of character and modulation of style, better worth cultivating than all the Indians who ever lived in or out of Fenimore Cooper.

THE ARCHITECT OF THE SCOTT MONUMENT.

Biographical Sketch of George Meikle Kemp. By Thomas Bonnar. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—Edinburgh, one of the most interesting cities in the world, owes its picturesqueness, in some aspects, to the natural features of its situation, which few cities in Europe can rival, but partly to the striking contrast between the Old and the New Town. Between the two, on a central site which is, though low, advantageously open, adjacent to pleasant public gardens and to the noble thoroughfare of Princes Street, rises the most stately and beautiful architectural monument ever yet erected to honour literary genius. We by no means suggest that its magnificence is disproportionate to the merits of Sir Walter Scott, of whose writings it was finally

declared, in 1833, that "so long as the present system of our terrestrial globe is continued, they must amuse and interest hundreds of generations yet to come." If Shakspeare had a monument in London planned on the same scale with regard to the interest of mankind in his works, the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park would be nothing to it. But Scotland, comparing the estimation in which that country was held at the beginning of this century with the favour now justly bestowed upon it by annual hosts of admiring visitors, is indebted to Sir Walter for substantial gains, as well as for a high measure of gratification of the patriotic sentiment. From this point of view, the Scott Monument appears not at all too grand for an author who did so much to enrich the country as well as to make it famous. Its very site is happily chosen, betwixt the Old Town, with the Castle, St. Giles's, and Holyrood on one side, with all that remains of the romantic ancient capital of the national kingdom, and the more commodious streets and squares that began in his own day to be inhabited by citizens of his own class and social rank. At any rate, the cenotaph erected fifty years ago, actually commenced in 1840 and finished in 1846, is one of the finest structures in the Gothic style, and one of the most satisfactory in artistic design and execution, to an instructed taste, that ever were raised to glorify the memory of an individual, though he were a king or emperor. The architect, unhappily, did not live to see it completed or to enjoy the praise he deserved. The death of his widow nearly three years ago left some letters and papers relating to George Meikle Kemp in the possession of Mr. T. Bonnar, F.S.A.Scot., a competent writer on topics of art, who had learnt from her in conversation much concerning her husband's life, and to whom the late Mr. Andrew Kerr, architect, and intimate friend of Kemp, also communicated some particulars. In this volume, Mr. Bonnar has compiled a sufficient personal memoir and an account of Kemp's work that will be acceptable to those who, looking at the Scott Monument, and doing homage, more or less, to the talents of the novelist and poet, may be unwilling to turn away from such a noble edifice without knowing the man to whose skill Edinburgh owes so perfect an ornament of its kind. His life was simple, modest, and otherwise not eventful, and was abruptly ended, in 1844, by a tragical accident, falling into a canal and drowning as he walked home one dark foggy night. The son of a shepherd or peasant in a Midlothian village, he was apprenticed to a country carpenter near Peebles, studied ardently and intelligently as many young Scotchmen do, with little help of schooling, read poetry and history, rambled along Tweedside, loved the ruins of Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, and Jedburgh Abbeys, learnt to draw, to inspect, to understand, and to delineate their architectural details. One day, this humble rustic youth, trudging wearily along the road, was noticed by a gentleman in a carriage, who gave him a lift beside the coachman; it was no other than "the Shirra"—Walter Scott himself, not yet of Abbotsford. Later, another day, Kemp was drawing some feature of Melrose Abbey, when Sir Walter came, with a party of ladies and gentlemen—looked at his drawing, and was about to talk with him, but Scott's dog barked and frightened a lady, so the chance was lost. They never had any conversation with each other. Kemp's position remained comparatively obscure; he tried London, and he travelled in France, learning much, but his design for the restoration of Glasgow Cathedral, in 1839, was not accepted in the competition. In Edinburgh, however, the one great success of his life was already assured, though difficulties and delays intervened before this grand work could be commenced. The history of such an affair would, perhaps, not be very interesting to read now, but for our sympathy with an able, self-reliant, but unpretending man, who knew what he could perform, and who did perform it so well.

THE STUDY OF COINS AND MEDALS.

Coins and Medals: Their Place in History and Art. By the Authors of the British Museum Official Catalogues. Edited by Stanley Lane Poole. (Elliot Stock.)—The second edition of this useful guide to numismatic studies is likely to be found serviceable by a largely increased number of persons who have taken to the artistic part of archaeology, as they now call it, or of what used to be called antiquities, but more especially the Greek and "classical," in certain collections at the museums. There is no better way of fixing in the memory with precision the successive or contemporaneous States, empires, or other monarchies, dependent principalities, city republics, and other distinct communities that have existed in certain periods, some characteristics of which, besides the names and dates, are frequently expressed in the figures and inscriptions, with allusions to conquests, acts of homage, and other important events. Object-lessons of this kind are an invaluable auxiliary to the reading of a lengthened narrative. We take the present opportunity of strongly recommending the treasures exhibited so freely in the cases at the British Museum, from this educational point of view, as affording subjects for patient and minute inspection, or for lectures and class-teaching, not less instructive, certainly, than the disputable grouping of statues on pediments of temples at Athens or at Olympia, or conjectural explanations of imaginative fable. It is unnecessary, on this occasion, particularly to review the series of ten special essays comprised in the volume edited by Mr. Stanley Poole. They are contributed, on different topics, by Professor Reginald Stuart Poole, Dr. Barclay Head, Mr. Herbert Grueber, Mr. C. F. Keary, Professor Percy Gardner, Mr. Warwick Wroth, M. Terrien de Lacouperie, and the editor, the two last-named writers dealing respectively with Chinese and Japanese, and with Mohammedan and Indian coins. Illustrations of coins and medals, to the number of about fifty, are given in their proper place.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Holiday Wanderings in Madeira," by A. E. W. Marsh. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France, 1789-1871," by G. Lowes Dickinson, M.A. (George Allen.)
- "Morocco As It Is," by Stephen Bonsal. (W. H. Allen and Co.)
- "The Practical Guide to Algiers," by George W. Harris. (G. Philip and Son.)
- "Dancing as an Art and Pastime," by Edward Scott. (George Bell and Sons.)
- "Peter Ibbetson," by George du Maurier. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Henriette Ronner," by M. F. Spielmann. (Cassell and Co.)
- "British New Guinea," by J. P. Thomson. (G. Philip and Son.)
- "Strange Survivals and Superstitions," by S. Baring Gould. (Methuen and Co.)
- "Where is Fairyland?" (*The Playtime Library*), by J. F. Charles. (Sampson Low.)
- "Memoirs of Eighty Years," by Gordon Hake. (Bentley.)
- "The Humour of Germany," edited by W. H. Dicks. (Walter Scott.)
- "Irish Idylls," by Jane Barlow. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
- "Mashonaland," by J. Theodore Bent. (Longmans.)

THE STORY OF THE LAUREATES.—II. FROM DAVENANT TO CIBBER.

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

I do not remember ever having seen the text *in extenso* of Davenant's patent or pension-warrant. It is not, unless I am mistaken, given in the only modern edition of his works—the only issue which pretends to be edited at all. But according to the account and quotation of Malone, who is usually trustworthy, it neither contains the words "Poet Laureate" nor even the allusion to "pen" work which the King had made in augmenting his favours to Ben. It merely specifies "service" of a perfectly vague kind. Nor was it conferred upon Shakspeare's alleged godson immediately after Jonson's death, for a period of something like a year and a half passed. Indeed, some modern references seem to suppose a suspension of the Laureateship (still, let us remember, not so called) until the Restoration itself. It is, however, certain that Davenant was, at any rate in the later period between that event and his death in 1668, generally called and thought of as Poet Laureate; indeed, it is now generally accepted that the famous satire of "Bayes" in "The Rehearsal," which was very long a-brewing by Buckingham and his coadjutors, was originally intended for Sir William and not for his great successor.

There is something else that is interesting about Davenant's incumbency: for here first may there seem to be some colour for the notion that conspicuous, much more supreme, poetical talent is not a necessity in a Poet Laureate. This, however, must not be allowed to delude us. Davenant is not much thought of now; but he had a very considerable reputation in his own day, and deserved it far more than those who have not read him may think. Some of his early lyrics are



JOHN DRYDEN, 1670 TO 1689.

made good that title it is not necessary to say. But it is worth while to observe that some of his very best work was done almost as directly in the pursuance of his duty as Laureate as if the later slavery of birthday and new year odes had begun. "Absalom and Achitophel," the masterpiece of its kind in English, and equal to anything of that kind in any other tongue, was a stroke on the King's side by the King's servant. There is a legend that the hardly inferior "Medal" was directly suggested by Charles himself; and though "Threnodia Augustalis" and "Britannia Rediviva" have been lesser favourites with posterity, they contain noble verse.

Charles died, his successor threw the crown of England away, and Dryden refused to take the oaths to William and Mary. The Laureateship had become too distinct and too distinguished an office to be suppressed—the suppression would have been too much of a confession—but now it was that it entered on a worse than Babylonish captivity of a full century and a quarter. It is the remembrance of this dreary period—wherein the first incumbent took office already branded with the mark of Dryden, and the last had hardly laid his inoffensive bones in the grave before they were gibbeted by the sarcasm which Byron launched at his successor—that made the office a laughing-stock. From Shadwell to Pye not a Laureate, with the possible exception of honest Tom Warton, could be called a poet by any but the most absurd extension of the title; while none but Rowe, Cibber, and Warton again could be called a distinguished man of letters. Of two of these worthies, Eusden and Pye, I must confess that I know next to nothing; and though I know the others pretty well, and consider

Shadwell to have been (though after "richly deserving" hard usage) rather hardly used by glorious John, and Cibber more than hardly used by Pope, there is nothing to be said for the claim of any one of them to the office. Of those who fall within the compass of this present article, Shadwell, whose tenure was very brief, was a playwright of no small knack and an observer or imaginer of fantastic character of no small gifts, to whom some malicious fairy seems to have refused the power of putting his thoughts and observations into decent literary shape. Tate was a renegade rhymester, some of whose work Dryden had for his own purposes chosen to polish and enrich with immortalising touches, but who was to find his proper home in the general memory by completing, jointly with Brady, the quartet of Psalmists or Psalm-degraders which Sternhold and Hopkins had begun. Rowe was a dramatist of talent, a good translator, and a competent *littérateur*, who had the honour to be Shakspeare's first editor. Of Eusden I have spoken. He was one of Mr. Addison's men, and his translations from Claudian in the *Guardian* show fair proficiency in the verse which Dryden had taught everybody to write somehow and Pope to write best. Cibber, however unjustly treated by Pope, was neither more nor less than an actor-playwright and manager-adaptor of much shrewdness and some wit.

Of these persons and of the fearful division of literature made up by their birthday and other odes I may have something more to say hereafter; but before finishing this article a word may be in place on the moral of the dry places



SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, 1660 TO 1668.

extremely pretty; his faculty as a playwright, if of no very exalted kind, was unusually versatile and decidedly vigorous. The modern person affects inability to read "Gondibert"; but Hobbes, as clever a man (at least) and with as much appreciation of poetry as Mr. John Bright, expressed himself quite as enthusiastically about "Gondibert" as Mr. Bright did about "The Epic of Hades."

It is, however, with Davenant's successor that we reach at once an undoubted and specified Laureateship and an equally undoubted genius deserving it. It is true that when, in 1670 (for again the vacancy was not immediately filled up), Dryden became "Laureate and Historiographer" he had not such claims to immortality as the remain-



NICHOLAS ROWE, 1715 TO 1718.

ing thirty years of his life were to show. His best work of every kind was to come: and yet there was no one (for Milton and Marvell were politically out of the question, Herrick and Vaughan were recluses of the last age hardly known to anyone, and so on with others) who could challenge his title. How completely he



THOMAS SHADWELL, 1689 TO 1692.



LAURENCE EUSDEN, 1718 TO 1730.

we are now passing through. They do not in the least show that the conception of the Laureateship as belonging of right to the best poet was the wrong one or had gone out. They only prove that William and the Hanoverian kings (there was no vacancy in Anne's reign) could not put their hands on anyone better. There was, in truth, no great abundance of poetical genius at the end of the seventeenth and throughout the eighteenth century, and most of what there was was not available for this reason or that. Pope was (as they said then) a "Papist," and could not have taken the place if he would, while he was something of a Tory, and perhaps would not if he could. Thomson was a Scotchman, and his appointment would have been vastly unpopular. Collins was a lunatic and a Republican. Gray would have died of exhaustion and Cowper have gone mad with nervousness over his first birthday ode. And so with others. The problem was to get a good Whig, a respectable person, and a tolerably ready pen, not a poet.



COLLEY CIBBER, 1730 TO 1757.



THE DECK OF H.M.S. HOWE.

FROM A SKETCH MADE DURING THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

H.M.S. HOWE AGROUND AT FERROL.

The unfortunate accident to one of the most valuable battle-ships of the Royal Navy, H.M.S. Howe, in entering the harbour of Ferrol, on the north coast of Spain, with the Channel Squadron, was related last week. This ship, having run upon the rocks of the Pereiro reef in the channel approaching that harbour, has sustained considerable damage. On Nov. 9 four divers inspected the exterior of the hull, while two examined the vessel from the inside. They found two holes in the ship's bottom, which are particularly described in the official report, giving their dimensions. The false bottom had bulged inwards some 80 centimètres from the keel to the centre, which bulging affected also the boilers.

The official report which has been forwarded to the Admiralty from Ferrol states that the divers have examined the port side of the ship, and have found a rent cut in the

outer bottom, measuring 10 ft. by 1 ft., situated 12 ft. below the bilge keel. The inner bottom is apparently uninjured here; but at a spot 108 ft. from the bow begins a space 18 ft. by 16 ft. which is completely wrecked. Here are two holes large enough to crawl through, and the main drain astern can be seen. Further aft is another rent in the outer bottom, and the hull is possibly pierced by another rock 5 ft. square and 6 ft. high, upon which it rests. The starboard side could not be examined, as the ship was lying on her bilge.

The Neptune Salvage Company's steamer Belos arrived on Nov. 8. The contract signed with the Admiralty in London stipulates for the salvage and placing of the vessel in dry dock at Ferrol for the sum of £35,000. Five tenders were presented. On Nov. 9, the Belos was alongside the Howe all day, and the officials in charge explored the vessel thoroughly, besides getting ready all the gear required for the efforts to be made later to save

the ship. A Danish salvage steamer had also arrived. All the arrangements relating to the salvage operations had been made with Admiral Fairfax, while two hundred British seamen had been occupied day and night, with the help of the electric light, unloading the coal and the smaller armaments of the Howe.

The Channel Squadron left Corunna on the morning of Nov. 2, and arrived off Ferrol about eleven in the forenoon. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow, and the ships proceeded to their anchorage in single line ahead, with the flagship leading, followed by the Howe. In rounding a sharp corner called Bespon Point, the Howe was carried by a strong current on to a rock which penetrated her bottom on the port side in a line with the mainmast. Her fore stokehole rapidly filled with water, causing her to settle down forward, and, in spite of the efforts of the officers and men of the squadron who were working night and day to lighten the ship, she remained firmly fixed on the rock.

THE NEW STEAM-SHIP AUSTRALIA.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company have taken over from the builders their new steamer the *Australia*, which was launched on July 29 from the yard of Messrs. Caird and Co., at Greenock. The speed trials have fully realised all the expectations that had been formed, the steamer attaining a speed of nineteen knots an hour. The *Australia* has a capacity of 7000 tons gross, being 470 ft. long by 50 ft. in breadth, and her engines indicate 10,000-horse power. She is elaborately fitted up, and the different saloons, library, music-room, drawing-room, and smoking-room are ornamented with beautiful carvings by Signor Cambi, of Siena, from designs by Mr. T. E. Collcutt, the architect of the Imperial Institute. This ship, which will accommodate 413 saloon passengers, is intended for the India, China, and Australian Mail Services carried on by the company. She is the largest passenger steamer afloat in the Australian-Indian service. A special feature in her arrangement is the large number of deck cabins. The bath-rooms, which are fitted with douche, spray, wave, and needle baths, will prove a great luxury in the tropics. The ship leaves for Australia on Nov. 25, on her first voyage.

A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

There is not so much in the November reviews about Tennyson as an alarmist might have anticipated. I looked forward to many pages of funereal appreciation, but there are only mild doses of Mr. Gosse and Mr. Herbert Paul in the *New Review* and a charming paper by Canon Ainger in *Macmillan*. True, a severe and unexpected trial awaits the reader of the *Nineteenth Century*. Surfeited with elegies, he is not prepared for poems by Professor Huxley and Mr. James Knowles. That the man of science should break into rhyme is somewhat of a portent, and, considered as a relief from the aggressive irony of his prose, it has a fleeting merit. Elsewhere Mr. Huxley atones for this weakness by elaborate sarcasm at the expense of Mr. Frederic Harrison, who is treated in the *Fortnightly* to that exposition of his old antagonist's views of religion for which he has been publicly craving. Anybody who can deduce from this what Mr. Huxley believes and does not believe may plume himself on a somewhat barren achievement. On the whole, the professorial verses are more intelligible, and certainly more agreeable, and if they should tempt Mr. Harrison to try his hand at poetry some of us will be grateful even for this excursion from the beaten track of futile controversy.

There is a gentleman who contributes to the *Century* a paper purporting to treat of the alleged scientific errors in the Bible, and who exercises a copious vocabulary without getting anywhere near the matter in hand. He, too, had better betake himself to verse-making. It is a harmless occupation, and if it convey no particular idea to the reader's mind, it causes no disappointment, and embitters no feelings.

Political controversy in the reviews does not often supply novel refreshment, and you may wade through Mr. Stead's article on Home Rule in the *Contemporary*, Mr. William O'Brien

he was born. I hope the Women's Emancipation Union will not fail to note in an article on Burmah in the *Fortnightly* that Burmese women are not compelled to change their names when they marry, though this degradation of womanly independence is enforced by the social customs of civilised Europe. And let the champions of woman remark also the audacious assertion of Colonel Kenny Herbert in the *Nineteenth Century* that only man has the natural taste and talent which make a good cook! But the cause of feminine liberation, which is never out of the reviews for a single month, has a notable advocate in the *Fortnightly*, who tells us that consistency is a vice and justice a fraud, and that the real appeal of woman is to that "glaring injustice" which is the foundation of every great achievement in the world's history. This, as everybody must admit, is the kind of reasoning that makes an agitation successful.

To descend from these high matters to mere literature, I notice a pleasant paper in *Cornhill* about Sterne's family linen, which has been in the public laundry for many a day. The vindication of Sterne against the moralists who accused him of ill-treating his mother is tolerably complete, but was it heredity which prompted his daughter to beg Wilkes to write a few letters in her father's style to palm upon the public? In the *English Illustrated* Mr. Bret Harte continues the experiment of making a charming Southern girl talk a dialect which is a constant puzzle to the English reader. The conversation of Miss Sally Dows may have been delightful to listeners, but in cold print it is a considerable strain on a romantic appreciation. *Temple Bar* has discovered a poet named Snodgrass, a son, I presume, of the illustrious Augustus who was a companion of Mr. Pickwick; and the *Century* publishes some verses of no special moment by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In *Harper's* Miss Mary Wilkins finishes her story, "Jane Field," which is full of the charm peculiar to her New England households. The editor of *Harper's* gives us a portrait of Miss Wilkins, accompanied by some enthusiastic comments which do great credit to his taste. I had always figured Miss Wilkins as a prim and Puritanical lady of—well, a certain age; but here is a most charming handmaiden of literature, whose face might well disturb the impartiality of the sternest critic. I am afraid it will be impossible to review "Jane Field" without keeping this prepossessing picture in the mind's eye. Mr. Theodore Child wrote agreeably in *Harper's* on the inexhaustible theme of Paris; but little service can be done by the solemn lecture in the same magazine on the demoralisation of French literature. The writer adopts the opinion of Madame Blaze de Bury, whom he oddly describes as a notable thinker, that Victor Hugo set the example of delineating character which did not conform to every social obligation and convention. I have no doubt that Jean Valjean and Fantine are very shocking to Madame Blaze de Bury; but it is impossible to view life always through the most blameless spectacles.

L. F. A.



H.M.S. HOWE AGROUND AT FERROL.

in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. T. W. Russell in the *New Review*, without getting any startling stimulus. In the *National Review*, however, Lord Salisbury handles a great constitutional question with a freshness which makes it clear that a statesman can be now and then an excellent *littérateur*. This is certainly a more interesting discovery than that a professor of science is a very mediocre poet, and that Mr. Huxley has no desire to figure after his death in any calendar of great men for the comfort and instruction of posterity. If Lord Salisbury would be so good as to write for the reviews every month until he returns to office, he would confer a boon on that considerable section of the public which is not deeply interested in party conflicts. Mr. Chamberlain, I am afraid, is not a born writer, and his article in the *Nineteenth Century* on labour problems has no interest apart from what is called in the jargon of political pamphleteering an "unauthorised programme." Mr. Richard Hutton, in the *National Review*, strives to show that Renan did not understand the Christian religion, and some lively personal details about the French philosopher are furnished in the *Fortnightly* by Mrs. Emily Crawford and Mr. Albert Vandam. Mr. Vandam, I observe, claims no intimacy on this occasion with events which took place before



THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL COMPANY'S STEAM-SHIP AUSTRALIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A lady-correspondent requests that I should lift my voice and pen in calling attention to the neglect of heating arrangements which prevail in many boarding-schools, where boys and girls may suffer intensely from cold and chill, especially in autumn, before the fire-lighting period approaches. I think my correspondent has some good reason for her complaint that more adequate provision should be made in large schools for maintaining the degree of temperature which is a condition of healthy life. She tells me of a "fashionable" girls' school where the girls, in very cold weather, actually put stones in the fire that they might serve as hand-warmers when withdrawn in a heated condition. I think that this must be an extreme case, and I fancy that girls are much better looked after in this matter of external comfort than boys, who, it is presumed, are able to "rough" it. I question very much the safety of "hardening" young boys in this or any other fashion; and if, as my correspondent suggests, heads of houses (like the railway companies) do not begin firing-up before Nov. 1, however cold it may be, there must be something very wrong with the educational ideas of hygienic surroundings.

This matter of temperature and heating, is, however, a crying one all round. Of course, until the beginning of November, no matter though October days are chill enough, the railway foot-warmers do not appear. When they do come, everybody knows the futility of expecting to get anything but chilblains from them. Personally, and as a frequent railway traveller, I avoid them religiously, for the plain reason that they simply make one run the risk of cold the moment you set foot outside the carriage. As a rule there is only one foot-warmer to each carriage, save in the first-class on some lines, which get two, or even three—the last evolved by a tip to the porter. Where there is only one foot-warmer, there is the delightful prospect that at most only two persons can get a corner of it, and these persons must be opposites, of course, in the carriage. It forms a study in human nature to watch the faces of the new-comers when the foot-warmer, already getting cold, is monopolised on the principle that possession is nine points of the law. But, like the old oil-lamps (which were specially constructed to render the darkness visible), surely the foot-warmer is doomed. We have got gas in the carriages and nice continuous brakes that jerk you off your seat sometimes when they are suddenly applied, and we have dining, luncheon, and sleeping cars (heated by hot-water pipes)—why, then, does the heating of railway carriages lag behind, seeing it is a most essential feature in the personal health of travellers? Am I right in thinking the Midland Railway Company has some scheme in operation somewhere, whereby carriages are heated by steam? It is surely high time that we had this heating question settled in one way or another, and by settled, of course, I mean improved.

I have of late days been making a study of the bookstall boys at railway stations. I observe that many of these boys are graduating fast in the direction of curvature of the spine. The boy has a big basket of books, which he carries in front of him, slung by a strap over his shoulders. To keep the big flat basket straight, the boy naturally throws back his shoulders in an excessive degree, and gives himself a spinal twist in addition. The effect of this strain on a skeleton that is far from having reached its full development, is obvious. It will tend to produce spinal curvature as surely as the boy continues his perambulations with his basket. I hope the attention of Messrs. Smith and Son and other proprietors of railway bookstalls will be directed to this matter. It should not be difficult to suggest some other and less risky fashion of carrying the latest products in the way of literature. At least, I only discharge a plain duty in calling attention to an evil eminently requiring a remedy.

Professor G. A. Lebour has made an interesting suggestion regarding the similarity in appearance which exists between the cracks of glass broken by torsion and the figures which have been drawn of the so-called "canal system" of the planet Mars. These "canals" in Mars have received various explanations, and the appearance of doubling has also been noted in them. Now, as Professor Lebour reminds us, Daubrée's glass-breaking experiments derive their interest from the fact that they are believed to reproduce the fractures which occur in the crust of the earth as part and parcel of its geological history, and which are due to torsion alone. The pattern of the fractures is peculiar, and to the cooling of the earth is attributed the exact manner in which the special type of the fractures is produced. Taking into consideration Mr. Norman Lockyer's ideas of the rapid melting of the Martian ice-fields, we get the idea of a power which would cut and sculpture the surface of the planet in no ordinary degree; so that, what with its ice-denudation and its torsion-fractures deepened by the denuding forces, Mars, it is thought, might well exhibit lines—the so-called "canals"—similar to those we see in the glass. Three features seen in the canals of Mars are specified by Professor Lebour as occurring also in the glass-fractures. These are, first, the two directions in which the lines of cracking run, one set crossing the others at, or nearly at, right angles; second, their occasional doubling and parallelism for some distance; and, third, their sudden arrest. It would, indeed, be interesting to find that the physics of our own earth in the matter of the effects of torsion should be reproduced in the earth's nearest ally among the planets.

Most readers have heard of that oldest fossil, the Eozoön, or "Dawn of Life" animalcule, to establish whose right and title to the rank of a true organic remnant was warmly (and, I think, successfully) advocated by my friend the late Dr. W. B. Carpenter and by Principal Sir W. Dawson. This Eozoön, believed to be a primitive reef-like form of the Foraminifera or chalk animalcules, occurs in the oldest rocks of the fossil-bearing series, formations represented by the Laurentian series of Canada and elsewhere. I observe that recently Dr. C. Barrois has announced a new geological find of vast importance in the direction of life's antiquity, in the shape of a Radiolarian fossil, found in the Archaean formations of Brittany. It seems that the Radiolarian occurs in a fine matrix or bedding of flint, with which are associated traces of graphite. The locality of the find is at Lamballe, Côtes-du-Nord. For the information of my readers, I may mention that the Radiolarians, to which group the new fossil has been assigned, form an order of the lowest animals (or Protozoa), related to the chalk-animalcules themselves. The Radiolaria, however, if they possess hard parts at all, develop them of flint, not of chalk, and I presume it is the identification of these flinty parts on which the recognition of the nature of the new fossil depends. All the Radiolaria are minute beings, and, of course, require microscopic investigation for the elucidation of their structure and affinities. It may help my readers to identify these organisms if I remind them that the Berg-mehl of Scandinavia and the curious "Infusorial Earth" of Barbados and Oran are composed of the flinty remains of Radiolarians and their allies.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, G. G. (Hednesford). We cannot explain further than we did. A pawn reaching the eighth square can become any piece that may be claimed, and in No. 2339, after the defence you give, the P takes R, becoming a Kt and discovering check at the same time, giving also mate, because the King cannot escape at B 2nd.

W. R. RAILLUM.—Is it not something to the credit of the problem that an accomplished expert like yourself should trip over its solution. Difficulty counts as well as elegance, and the duals in such a composition are of not much consequence.

MORSHADAS MITTAR (Benares).—If you look at the problems we publish, you will see no two-mover commences with a check.

J. E. SMITH (Bingley).—The sight of your solution is sufficient to reject the problem, for when have we published a solution to be solved by a complete series of checks, or with a first move that captures an opponent's Rook?

ISQUIER (Isleworth), L. R. FITZMAURICE, NOCE TERPSTUM, R. C. (Halesden), J. HALLIDAY, A. S. ALLSHORN, and several other correspondents are informed that the reply in Problem No. 2531 to the defence of 1. R to B sq, or 1. R takes R, is 2. P takes R, becoming a Kt and mating. We cannot answer by post any inquiries on the point, but the device is a very common one in problem composition.

COLUMBUS.—You got no credit, because for once you failed to earn it.

C. E. P. (Kensington).—There is no solution by your new route.

W. G. JEN. (Johnstone).—In your proposed solution after 2. B takes B, Black replies Q to R 5th, and no mate follows.

CARSLAKE W. WOOD.—The problem will do with thanks.

B. W. LA MOTHÉ (New York).—Certainly, with pleasure.

C. T. BLANSHARD.—Thanks for the game, which shall have our early attention.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from P. G. L. F., J. F. Moon, and N. Harrop.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2531 received from F. A. Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2533 from B. W. La Mothe (New York) and James Clark (Chester); of No. 2534 from R. H. Brooks, James Clark, W. R. Raillum, and Howich; of No. 2535 from J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. C. Ireland, E. W. Brook, James Clark, W. F. Payne, José Syder (Parada de Gontá), Mrs. T. Pokorny (Vienna), Piz Walter, Herbert W. Reynolds, Henry Buttigieg (Trieste), John W. Robert (Crossgar), Howich, J. D. C. Wilson, Grace Grier, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Thos. Butcher.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2535 received from E. E. H. Shadforth, J. F. Moon, T. G. Ware, Bluet, W. F. Payne, W. Guy, Jun. (Johnstone), R. Worters (Canterbury), L. Desanges, J. Hall, C. E. Perugini, Joseph Willcock (Chester), H. S. Brandreth, W. P. Hind, G. T. Fisher, M. Burke, Columbus, Martin F. Hereward, Abberton, J. Coad, Julia Short (Exeter), G. Joyce, A. Newman, W. B. (Plymouth), T. Roberts, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), W. R. Raillum, Alpha W. J. Crowe (Belfast), E. Loudon, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Thomas Butcher (Cheltenham), Admiral Brandreth, R. H. Brooks, F. J. Knight, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), E. H. Whinfield, J. D. Luckner (Leeds), W. Wright, Victorino Aoziz y del Frago (Pamplona), and S. B. Willsons.

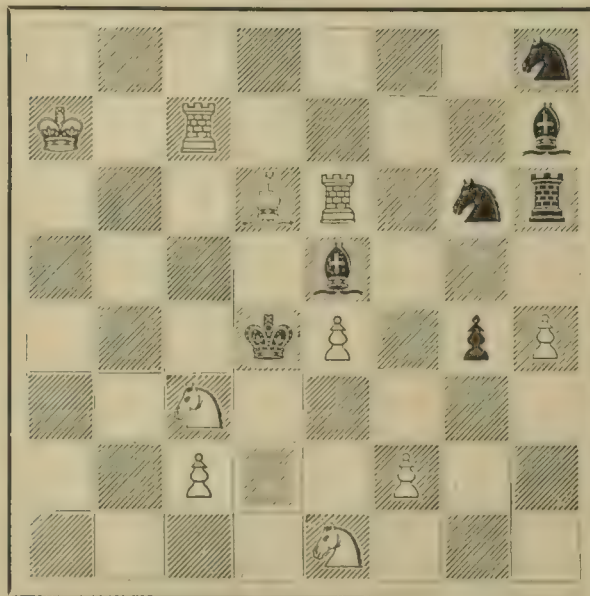
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2533.—By FRED. THOMPSON.

WHITE.
1. R (R 8th) to R 4th
2. R to Q 3rd
3. Mates accordingly.

BLACK.
Q to Kt 5th
Any move.

If Black play 1. P to B 5th; 2. Kt takes P (ch), K takes R; 3. Q to R 5th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2537.

By F. HEALEY.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. F. HEALEY and Mr. J. MASON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. H.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. Q to B 5th	
2. K Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		A reply that Black evidently overlooked. The exchange of Queens is now forced, and White recovers his lost position.
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q takes Q	B takes Kt
4. Castles	P to Q 3rd	22. P takes B	Kt takes Q
5. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd	23. R to K B sq	R to K B sq
6. B takes Kt	B takes B	24. P to B 4th	
7. P to Q 5th	B to Q 2nd		K to Kt 2nd should have been played before this move. After 24. Kt to Kt 5th White cannot play K to Kt 2nd, because of R takes R P (ch), &c.
8. R to K sq	B to K 2nd	25. B to B sq	Kt to B 4th
9. P to B 4th	Castles	26. B to K 3rd	Kt takes B
10. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K sq	27. R takes B	P takes P
11. Kt to K 2nd	P to K B 4th	28. R to K 7th	R to B 2nd
12. P takes P	B takes P		
13. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 5th		
14. Q to Q 3rd	B takes Kt		

This gives Black a superiority of position which would, no doubt, have been taken full advantage of in a game of more importance.

15. P takes B
 Q to Q 2nd | | || 16. P to Q Kt 4th | | | |
| | Not of much use; B to Q 2nd is better, or K to Kt 2nd, to prevent the adverse Queen entering the game at R 6th. | | |
| 17. R to K 2nd | B to R 5th | | |
| 18. B to Kt 2nd | Q to R 6th | | |
| 19. K to R sq | R to B 3rd | | |
| | R to R 3rd | | |
| | This is an error, pressing the attack hastily. He should have played P to Kt 3rd, followed by Kt to Kt 2nd, and Q R to K B sq, White's K B P must then fall, and with it the game. | | |

Game played in the match between Mr. HERBERT JACOBS and Mr. E. O. JONES.
(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Jacobs).	BLACK (Mr. Jones).	WHITE (Mr. Jacobs).	BLACK (Mr. Jones).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	10. (Kt to K B 3rd	Castles (ch)
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. B to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	13. P to Q R 3rd	B to R 4th
5. Q Kt to K 2nd		14. Kt to K B 4th	B to Q Kt 3rd
	This is considered a good move. It is made for the purpose of playing P to Q B 3rd in answer to P to Q B 4th.	15. Kt takes K P	Q to R 5th (ch)
6. P to K B 4th	P to K B 3rd		This gives Black an attack which, though somewhat risky, is followed up in a very spirited fashion.
7. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	16. P to Kt 3rd	Q to K 5th
8. P takes P	P takes Q P	17. Kt takes R	Kt takes K P
9. K B P takes P	K B P takes P	18. Kt takes Kt	B to Kt 5th
	B to Q Kt 5th (ch)	19. Q to Q 2nd	K takes Kt
10. K to B 2nd		20. Kt takes K R P	K takes Kt
	He cannot now interpose B for Q to R 5th (ch) would win at least Q P; and of Kt to Q B 3rd, then Q to R 5th (ch); K to K 2nd, B takes Kt, P takes B, Q to R 5th (ch), and there is not much harm done.	21. B to K Kt 2nd	R to B sq (ch)
		22. K to Kt sq	Kt to B 6th (ch)
		23. B takes Kt	K takes B
		24. Q R to K sq	R takes B
		25. R takes R	B takes Q P

Black wins.

A supper was given to more than two thousand poor people of East London on the evening of Nov. 9, at the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-End Road, by a committee of which Mr. F. N. Charrington, one of the London County Council, is the chief promoter, and which has provided similar annual entertainments during five years past.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Why are fashions that are at once ugly and cheap caught up so widely and followed so slavishly? That an ugly fashion which is costly should be adopted is comprehensible; that serves, at any rate, to advertise the possession of wealth. But the sheeplike following of a twopenny freak that is essentially unbecoming is a folly without redemption. Such a one is now seizing the female world in the shape of veils of a brilliant violet net. It makes the prettiest face look hideous. The complexion is no more; a skin of Ethiopian tint would be all the same as the fairest milk and roses of the country maiden behind this aggravating hue. The first woman that I saw so disfigured I took for a maniac. But lo! every girl who can spare eightpence is rushing to buy half a yard of that hateful fabric. Why? Oh, because the shopkeepers have sent round the word that those aniline violet veils are worn in Paris. Well, that seems to be true; but because Frenchwomen, who have absolutely no complexions, can afford to wear such things, are we to hide what is our great national beauty behind such a ghastly disguise? Our miserable moist climate is responsible for much mischief; but it does, at least, work us the one good turn of giving us fresh, unshrivelled complexions that are the envy of our Parisian sisters. They have "chic," they have taste and art in dress, they have figures that are all above our copying; but in the possession of a clear, bright, smooth skin the average Englishwoman is far superior to her foreign sister in actual beauty. Do let us exercise enough sense not to hide our best point because the Parisienne, whose weak point this is, discreetly screens it from close attention. Do not take up those dreadful violet falls unless you, too, suffer from a complexion that nothing can disfigure; and, even then, remember that they are in bad taste with anything but either black or violet bonnets and dresses.

The outcry about the religion of the new Lord Mayor, coming near the death of Mrs. Wills, the widow of the former acting editor of Dickens's *Household Words*, reminds me of an unpublished incident in the life of Harriet Martineau. The distinguishing feature of the life and work of that eminent woman was the courage with which she upheld, regardless of her own interests, what she believed to be right. She was contributing a series of short tales to *Household Words*, and chose as the groundwork of one a remarkable true story of the self-devotion of a young Jesuit priest. He was the earliest missionary sent to a new and dangerous field of work, and as it was very probable that his life would be sacrificed in his mission—I think it was to China—he received a special favour from the Pope in the shape of a fragment of consecrated wafer, enclosed in a crucifix, to take with him. On the journey, however, the vessel struck on a rock and foundered not very far from a shore to which an expert swimmer could hope to attain. Father Esclan was a powerful swimmer, but, instead of saving his own life, he took forth his crucifix and swam from one to another of his struggling co-religionists as they clung to various supports, and, holding the symbol before their dying eyes, he gave them the last comfort of their faith and then laid them down to sleep in peace in the waves. So great was his moral force that no one of those drowning men clung to him; but at length he sank exhausted in the waves, and perished. This beautiful story was recorded by the captain of the vessel, who was saved from the shore. But the tale that Miss Martineau founded on it was refused admission to the magazine, on the declared ground that Mr. Dickens would never admit to any journal under his control a word that could be construed into the honour of Popery. Mr. Wills, in conveying this decision of his proprietor, asked for another story. "Not if I lived for a hundred years would I write again for a paper where a grand tale of human heroism is refused on the score of the faith of him who performed it," was the reply of the sturdy free-thinking old lady, whose own "views" were the antipodes of those of her hero.

Mrs. Linnaeus Banks's popular novels are appearing in a new and cheap edition, the first volume, "Glory," having just been issued by Messrs. Griffith and Farran. Mrs. Banks's stories are not only excellent as tales, but are also so correct in every detail as to the various historic periods in which her scenes are laid that they have a good chance of becoming classical. Her knowledge especially of ancient Manchester, to which region she belongs by birth, and by temperament too, is phenomenal. In that excellent tale "The Manchester Man," which has passed through numberless editions because the Manchester people so appreciate it, there are sketches of bygone worthies, places, and customs of old Lancashire that have been declared to be unsurpassed for fidelity by so reliable an authority as the President of the Manchester Literary Club. Queer people and ways they were, some of them; but nowadays the facilities of communication are so far destroying the local peculiarities that were so strong among our forebears that it is the more interesting to have recorded what used to be. Mrs. Banks is now over seventy years of age, and her memory is remarkable.

Mrs. Banks has another accomplishment besides that of fiction-writing at her command, to hear of which will, I suspect, astonish many of the admirers of her literary talents. She is a first-class needle-woman, and for no less a period than forty years has produced a new pattern of fancy work each month! She gave me, a little while ago, the article which she had designed as her pattern in the month in which she completed her seventy-third year; it is a very pretty and quite original photograph-frame, made by fixing pink and blue macramé thread over an octagon of card. Then she showed me all the engravings of the patterns of all those years: chairbacks, edgings, borders for brackets—ay, and nightcaps and deep collars and under-sleeves—in crochet, knitting, netting, macramé, and every possible kind of fancy work, till I felt ashamed of my younger generation—for who is there among us to display an invention so extensive and admirable in two such widely diverse fields?

Women in the great United States seem to occupy a position so much more consequential than we possess in this country that if we did but realise it we should probably want to emigrate in a body! The arrangements for the representation of women at the forthcoming great Exposition are of a character to astonish us. A State credit of thirty thousand pounds has been granted to the ladies' committee, who are putting up a splendid building, to contain not only exhibits from women of all countries, but also a ladies' restaurant attached to a cookery kitchen showing all modern appliances at work; a hospital for women who may be taken ill while away from their homes, officered by medical women; a temporary house of rest for women fatigued or slightly hurt; a library for the exclusive use of women; and a Congress Hall for their deliberations. Besides all these provisions for women in general, there is in the building a woman-journalists' club; and when the great congress of the newspaper press of the world is held, a press-woman's committee is to help make the arrangements. The inaugural ode chosen for singing at the dedication festival is from a lady's pen; and a woman architect has designed the building of the great woman's pavilion.

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ART NOTES.

The most striking, though by no means the most attractive, picture at the Hanover Gallery is "Le Christ aux Outrages" by the Belgian painter M. Henri de Groux, a work in which some critics have traced the influence of his fellow-countryman Wiertz. In looking at this strange medley of figures it is difficult to recognise the truth of this judgment. Wiertz was an artist endowed with a feverish imagination, in whom the traditional influences of the Flemish religious school were warring with the modern spirit of humanity; but M. de Groux is nothing more than an Anarchist in painting, endeavouring to upset all received ideas of form, colour, and composition. In this picture of Christ exposed to the derision of the multitude, there is nothing but a seething mass of Belgian *ouvriers* and *ouvrières*, scattered over the canvas without system, grace, or effect. The one idea conveyed is that of tumultuous movement, but scarcely one face expresses any real feeling beyond that of brutal excitement. The figure of Christ is without dignity or pathos—a lay figure on which some ill-painted garments have been carelessly thrown; while the colouring throughout is hard, impossible, and unreal. In M. de Groux's other work, "La Tribu Errante," we have less movement, but even worse drawing and painting—a group of ugly outcasts with white faces making their way through fields bright with flowers, which are the most commendable feature of the work. Like many other modern artists with French tendencies, M. de Groux has attempted to make a sensation without measuring his powers. His drawing is painfully defective, even when he attempts to take pains, as, for example, in the disproportion between the hand of the old organ-player in the centre of his picture and that of the woman standing on his left hand. However interesting such works may be as indicative of the tendencies of the modern school, they violate the first canons of art, which require that its aim should be to exalt, not to debase the truth.

The Hanover Gallery, however, contains other work which will be less of the nature of "caviare to the general" than that of M. de Groux. Besides specimens of such well-known masters of their art as Corot, Rousseau, Isabey, and Courbet, there is an excellent rendering of Barère's foolish legend of the "Vengeur," painted by Bourgain, in which the long-exploded myth is depicted with great strength. A still more striking picture of the horrors of war is Kratké's "1812," representing Napoleon on foot, followed by his marshals and surrounded by the débris of the Grande Armée toiling along the snow-covered road strewn with the wreckage of his hopes. Jules Lefebvre's "Pandore" was a picture which, in 1877, gained the highest honours for its artist; but Henner's "Magdalen" is rather too forced a study in chiaro-oscuro to be absolutely pleasing. Roybet's "Carousal," Courbet's "Threatened Storm," and Sisley's "Pont de Mont," an impressionist effect, are all worthy of attention.

Spanish life and Spanish scenery have had for many generations attractions for "strangers," and occasionally, though at rare intervals, Spanish artists have depicted their own surroundings. In our days it seems that Paris exercises a fatal influence upon its neighbours, and in a new sense gives force to the old saying, "Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." Fortuny and his school gave the impulse, which has not yet lost its force, for the simple reason that art is more patronised in Paris than in Madrid. The most recent instance of this transplanting of art is in the case of the Biscayan painter

and etcher who has settled in Paris under the title of Daniel Vierge, and has acquired considerable reputation as an illustrator of books. His method is vigorous though occasionally coarse, but his principal merit is that he has not altogether forgotten the surroundings of his childhood, and can revive Spanish wayside and street life in a way which has a real flavour of the soil. His latest work, which has just been republished in this country, relates to the surprising adventures of that amusing scamp Don Pablo de Segovia, one of the best of the picaresque novels, which appeared in the early part of the seventeenth century. The literature to which the term picaresque is applied was inaugurated by Mendoza's Lazarillo de Tormes, but it reached its perfection in the hands of Quevedo, the author of the work mentioned, and has already been popularised in this country by its almost contemporary translation by Roger L'Estrange, now re-edited by that accomplished Spanish scholar Mr. H. E. Watts, the translator of "Don Quixote" and the biographer of Cervantes and Columbus.

The Art for Schools Association will again have an exhibition of framed pictures at its rooms (29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury) at the close of the present month. The success which attended last year's experiment proved that there were many persons who were glad to profit by the selections made by the committee when deciding upon their Christmas presents. The display of pictures this year will be very much larger than last year, and will include, among other works of interest, reproductions of the Marchioness of Waterford's pictures, which attracted so much attention last summer; a complete set of Mr. Watts's portraits of contemporary English worthies, reproduced by Mr. Hollyer, as well as many other of Mr. Watts's pictures, and about 250 works by ancient and modern artists, reproduced in various ways, and carefully selected as much for their real beauty as for their artistic merit. More useful and more decorative Christmas presents can hardly be suggested, and for anyone anxious to give real pleasure to the scholars in a town school it would be difficult to find anything more attractive than the five decorative pictures by Paul Baudouin, painted for the Paris Tribunal de Commerce et d'Agriculture.

The works of Théodule Ribot, which are the chief feature of the winter exhibition at Mr. Bernheim's Gallery, are practically the remains of a much larger and more important collection, which was exhibited some five years ago in Paris. But even this remnant is interesting as giving some idea of the strength and originality of an artist who had more than the usual difficulties in making his way and in attracting public attention. He suddenly jumped into notice in 1861, when he was nearly forty years of age, by six pictures at the Salon, of which four were cooks in their white jackets and caps. In his treatment of black upon white, and by daubing the face and dress with what looked like soot, he obtained effects which recall the pictures of Ribera, and, like his Spanish prototype, he adhered to the same method when painting saints in ecstasy, doctors disputing, or wayside tinkers. But if there is a certain monotony about Ribot's figures there is also life—the chef with his victim ready for the spit, or seated at table resting from the day's labour enjoying "Le Bon Vin"; or the old woman in a red hat anticipating the delights of her "Café Noir," are all types and realities of daily life, painted with a *verve* and decision which reveal the painter's mood. In his still-life studies we can see also the

infinite pains which Ribot took to master the technical difficulties of art, and thus it happens that even in his apparently most hasty work he is never slovenly. In some of his earlier work, such as the "Milkwomen," he seems to have thought at one time of following the lead of the Dutch school; and in the most obtrusive of all the pictures here exhibited, that of the "Old Sailor," the influence of Franz Hals, or rather an imitateness of that artist's style, is traceable. Ribot showed much strength and even originality in some of his charcoal drawings and etchings, but in the latter his touch is heavy and his imagination poor. His reputation will rest upon his oil painting, but those who can only recall his "St. Sebastian" at the Luxembourg may have a higher but not a more correct idea of his powers than those who judge him from his studies in kitchen and street life.

The Lodge of Freemasons styled the "Quatuor Coronati," on Nov. 8, its festival day, held an installation meeting. The retiring Master, Mr. W. H. Rylands, Secretary of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, was succeeded by Professor T. Hayter Lewis, a former Vice-President of the Royal Institute of British Architects. Mr. Walter Besant, the first and only treasurer, was continued in office. The publications of this Lodge now comprise four volumes of "Transactions," and several reprints or reproductions of old and rare manuscripts. There are about fifteen hundred subscribers to these publications who are members of the correspondence or "Outer Circle" of the Lodge. A literary or artistic qualification is required for admission to the "Inner Circle," or full membership.

The Secretary of State for India, Lord Kimberley, on Nov. 10, received a numerous deputation of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic, and various missionary or religious societies. His Lordship said that the revenue annually obtained by the Indian Government from opium was about £3,850,000, which it could not dispense with; and many persons were of opinion that the consumption of opium in India was not injurious to the people; it might be different in Burmah. The growth of opium in China was largely increasing, and now yielded a revenue of £2,000,000 to the Chinese Government. Her Majesty's Government was quite disposed to adopt needful restrictions and regulations, but could not put a stop to the opium trade.

Just now, when the elements seem to be in doubt as to what they will do next in the way of unseasonable or unpleasant combinations, some interest may attach to the following account of an extraordinary phenomenon which appeared in Russia (according to the St. Petersburg *Academical Gazette*) in the year 1832: "In March last," it states, "there fell in the fields of the village of Kourinof, thirteen versts from Volokokamsk, a combustible substance of a yellowish colour, at least two inches thick, and covering a superficies of between 600 or 700 square feet. At first it was thought to be snow, but on examination it appeared to have the properties of cotton, having, on being torn, the same tenacity, but when put into a vessel of water it assumed the consistency of resin. On being put to the fire in its primitive state it sent forth a flame like spirits of wine, but in its resinous state it boiled on the fire without becoming ignited, probably because it was mixed with some of the snow from which it had been taken. The resin was the colour of amber, was elastic like india-rubber, and smelt like prepared oil mixed with wax."

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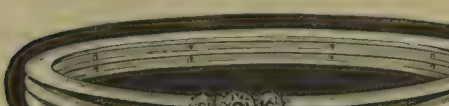
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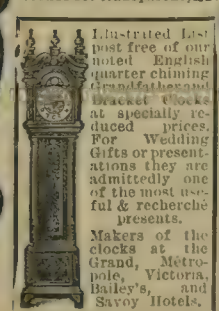


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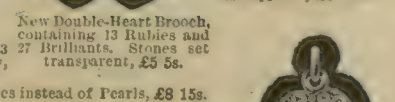
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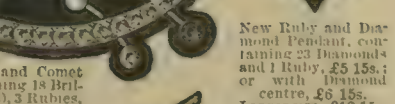
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 29, 1891), with two codicils (dated Dec. 18, 1891, and Aug. 7, 1892), of Mr. James Richard Wigram, J.P., late of Northlands, near Salisbury, who died on Aug. 12, was proved on Nov. 2 by Major-General Godfrey James Wigram, C.B., the brother, and Loftus Sidney Long, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £130,000. The testator bequeaths £18,000 to his son Edwin Robert James; £13,000 to each of his daughters, Helen Anne and Janet Mary; certain moneys which he became entitled to by the death of his son Albert James to his four children, Henry James, Edwin Robert James, Helen Anne, and Janet Mary; and legacies to his brother, Major-General G. J. Wigram, to a former governess to his daughters, and to servants. His plate and most of his pictures are made heirlooms to go with Northlands; and the remainder of his furniture and effects (except some pictures and drawings given to his other children) he gives to his eldest son, Henry James. He devises and bequeaths Northlands and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his eldest son, Henry James, his wife, and children.

The will (dated Dec. 2, 1891) of Mr. James Cox, late of Thirlestane Hall, Cheltenham, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Nov. 5 by Mrs. Charlotte Margaret Cox, the widow, and Major-General George Rodney Brown, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £86,000. The testator states that the devises and bequests by his will for the benefit of his wife and children are in addition to the provision made for them by his marriage settlement. He gives all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, consumable stores, household effects, horses and carriage, the cash balances at the

Capital and Counties Bank, Cheltenham, and the Royal Bank, Ireland, £2000 in the Northern Railway of Canada, and Thirlestane Hall, to his wife; and legacies to his executors. The residue of his real estate in England, Ireland, the East Indies, America, and elsewhere, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay: £100 per annum to his sister Caroline Cox, for life; £100 per annum to his sister-in-law, Maria Marguerite Cox, during the life of her aunt, Miss Thomas; and the remainder of the income to his wife, for life. At her death the said residue is to be divided, between all his children equally. In default of children he leaves one fourth each to his sister Isabella Brown, and his nephew, George Toomey; one fourth to his nieces, Jessie Stephens and Annie Cox; and one fourth, upon trust, for his sister Caroline Cox, for life, and then for the said Isabella Brown, George Toomey, Jessie Stephens, and Annie Cox.

The will (dated May 8, 1890) of Mr. William Kelsey, late of Churchfields, Beulah Hill, Norwood, who died on Oct. 3, was proved on Nov. 1 by Henry Richard Kelsey, the brother, William Smith, and Robert Kelsey, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £66,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and household effects to his daughter Jessie; £500 to each of his children, William, Robert, Emma, Jessie, Florence, and Rosa; and legacies to his executors, brothers, sisters, sister-in-law, and niece. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one sixth to, or upon trust for, each of his said six children.

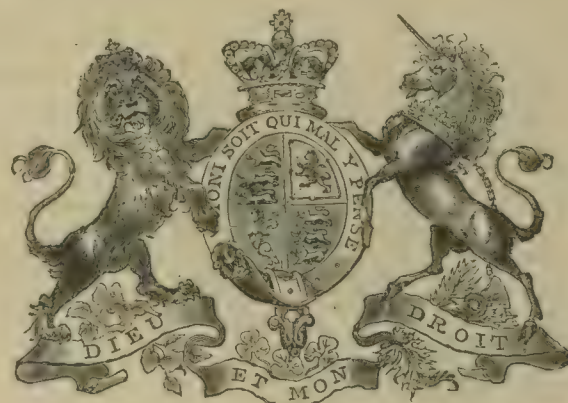
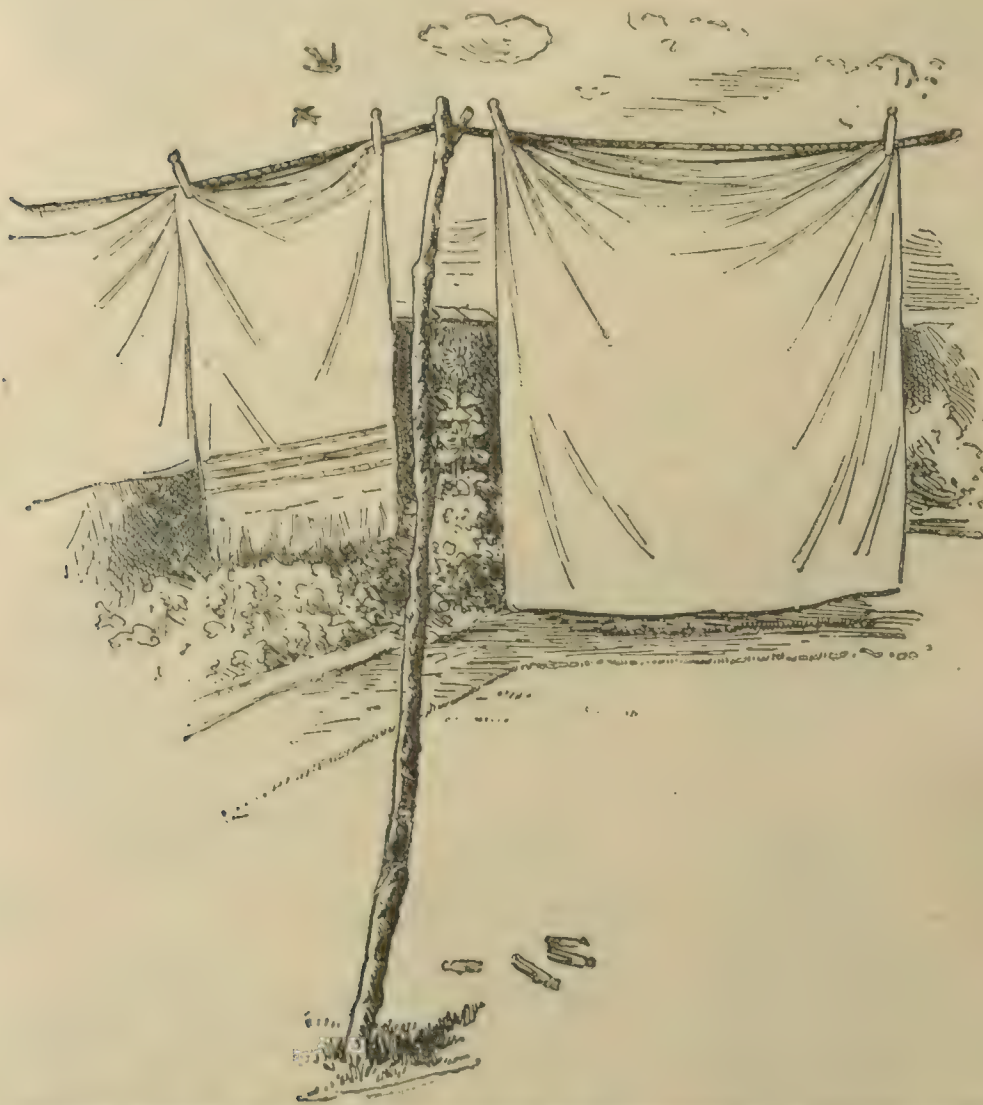
The will of Mr. William Hodgson, late of Haxby, near York, gentleman, who died on Aug. 30, has been recently proved in the District Registry at York by Edward Hodgson, the brother and sole executor, the personalty being of the

value of £47,892 0s. 9d. The testator gives £1000 to the York County Hospital; £1000 to the Wilberforce School for the Blind at York; £1000 to the National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to the York Blue-Coat School; £500 to the York County Asylum; £100 to the Church Missionary Society; £500 to the Vicar and Churchwardens of Haxby, to be invested, and one half of the income to be applied to church expenses of Haxby Church, and the other half distributed among the poor of Haxby; all the above legacies free from legacy duty. £2000 to his sister, Mary Ann Hodgson; £3000 to his niece, Elizabeth Hodgson, daughter of his brother, Edward Hodgson; an annuity of £50 to his housekeeper, Mary Moor, for her life; and the residue of his personal estate and all his real estate to his brother, Edward Hodgson, absolutely.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1882) of Mrs. Elizabeth Healey, formerly of 12, Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, and late of Felsberg, Llandudno, who died on Sept. 28, was proved on Nov. 1 by George Henry Healey, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testatrix, after giving legacies to her brother and sisters, leaves the residue of her real and personal estate to her said son.

The will (dated March 19, 1887) of Mr. Francis Halhed Ward Jackson, formerly of Liverpool, and late of 33, Cambridge Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Sept. 24, was proved on Oct. 27 by the Rev. Philip Ashby Phelps, William Charles Ward Jackson, the nephew, and Morton Thomas Wilson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his first two named executors, and £250 to Mr. Wilson; £2000 and any four of his pictures to his friend and late partner,

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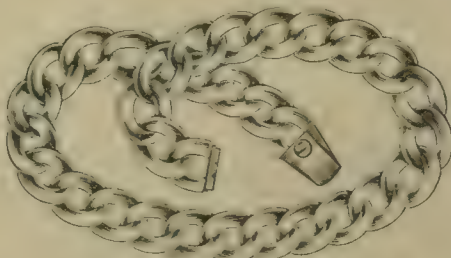
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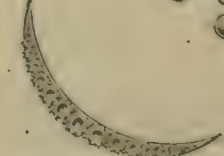
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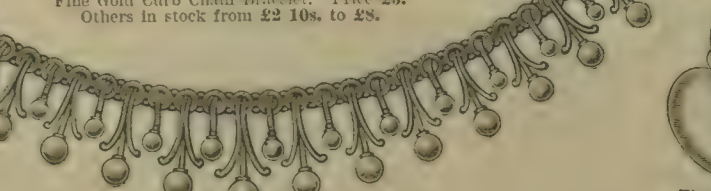
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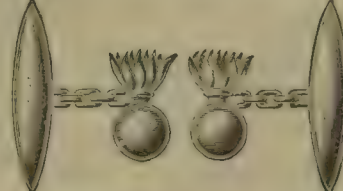
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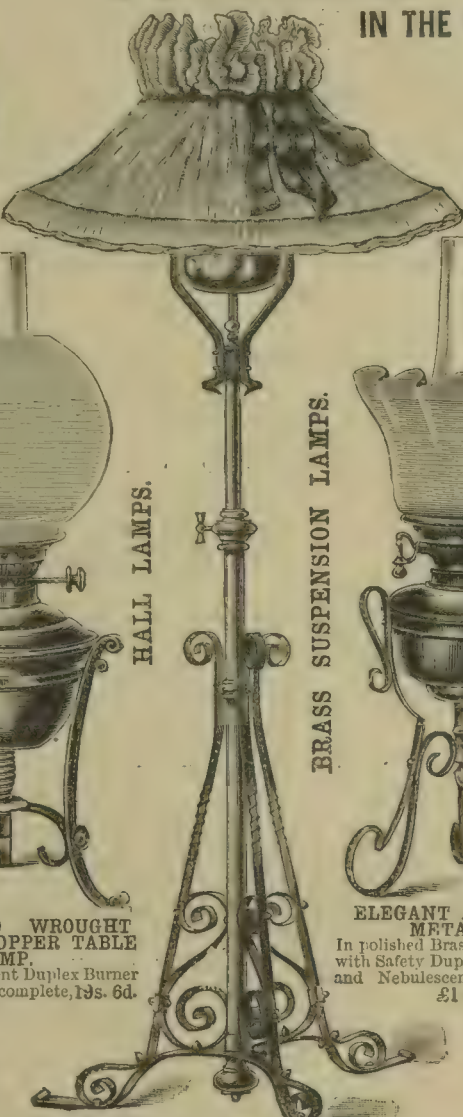
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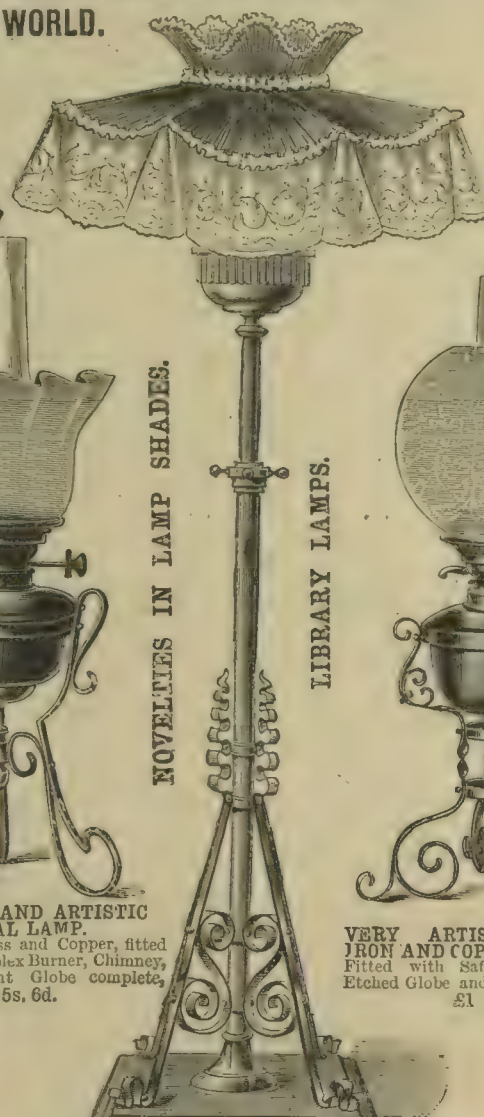


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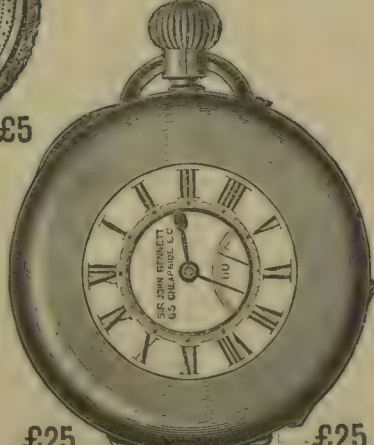


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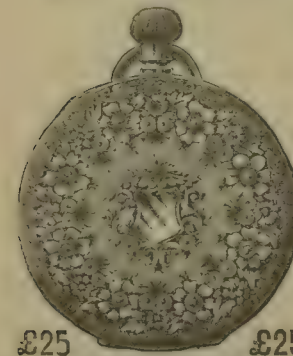


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MUSIC.

A careful reprise of "L'Amico Fritz" has been the only fresh event calling for notice since our last record of the proceedings at Covent Garden. Coming simultaneously with the production of Mascagni's new opera, "I Rantzau," at Florence, it furnished a useful reminder of the untrustworthy character of Italian enthusiasm. The outburst of delirious admiration—*fanatismo* is the word they use to express it there—that greeted "L'Amico Fritz" on its first appearance has toned down into a sort of tolerant appreciation, which is only just maintained because the work is by the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Here, on the contrary, there are indications of an increasing liking for the opera, and this will probably prove all the more lasting because there was nothing insincere about the applause and the criticism that English audiences bestowed upon the work when they first made acquaintance with it. The recent performance at Covent Garden was as excellent at most points as that given during the regular season, while so far as the part of Fritz was concerned we decidedly preferred

Signor Cremonini's impersonation to that of the original exponent, Signor de Lucia. Mdle. del Torre could not, of course, be compared with Mdle. Calvé, but she made a sufficiently engaging Sazel and sang her music with propriety and intelligence. We cannot conceive a finer embodiment of the Rabbi David than that given by M. Dufriche, who sings the music with less than his usual tremolo, and acted the part with all the subtlety and finesse of a Got. A great deal of the beauty of "L'Amico Fritz" lies in its charming instrumentation. This was executed with notable refinement by the orchestra which Signor Bevingani so ably controls. With the return of Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti, the Popular Concerts have resumed quite their normal character. The accomplished violinist has come back in the best of health, and is playing as finely as ever. On her first appearance she brought forward an Adagio Appassionato for violin by Max Bruch quite new to amateurs here. It is a movement intended less for display than for the expression of profound feeling, and is therein obviously adapted to the bent of Lady Hallé's genius. As much cannot be said with regard to the Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saëns, a familiar composition

truly, but heard for the first time at these concerts on Saturday, Nov. 12. Although both pieces were executed by Lady Hallé with an equal degree of technical facility and purity of style, there can be no doubt that it was in the serious work of Max Bruch that she created the deeper impression. It was on Monday, Nov. 14, that Signor Piatti made his *réentrée*, and he was welcomed with genuine affection by the largest evening audience of the season. He first took part with Lady Hallé and Messrs. Ries and Straus in Schumann's quartet in F major, Op. 41, the rendering of which was, in every sense of the word, ideal. Next, the great cellist played Locatelli's sonata in D major, exhibiting in it all his wonted beauty of tone and elegance of phrasing; while for an encore (accepted only upon the third recall) he gave, in delicious style, Schumann's "Abendlied." The pianist at this concert was Miss Fanny Davies, who had also appeared on the previous Saturday. Her talent has not diminished since she was last in London, and, in fact, some connoisseurs were of opinion that her interpretation of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 110, was the most masterly example of her skill and intellectuality that has yet been noted.

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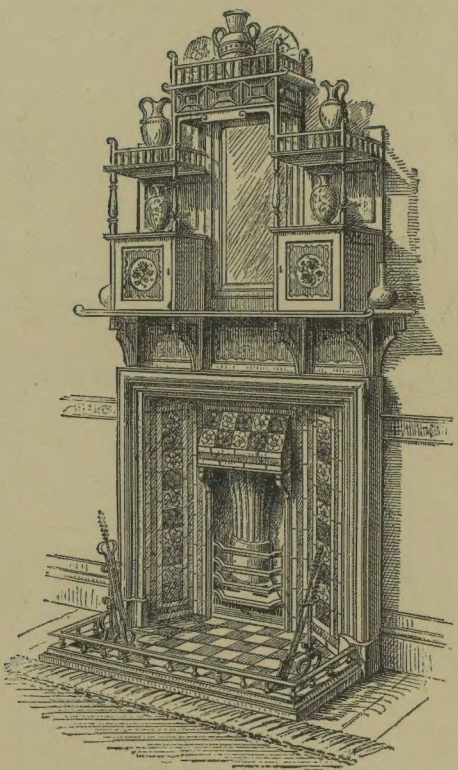
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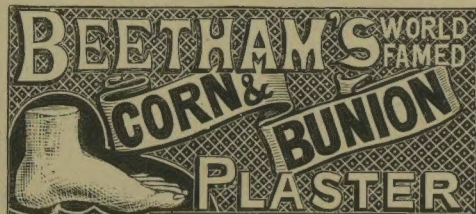
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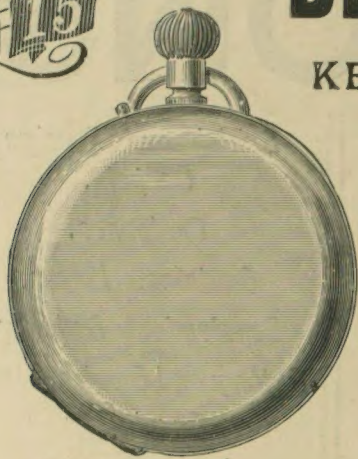
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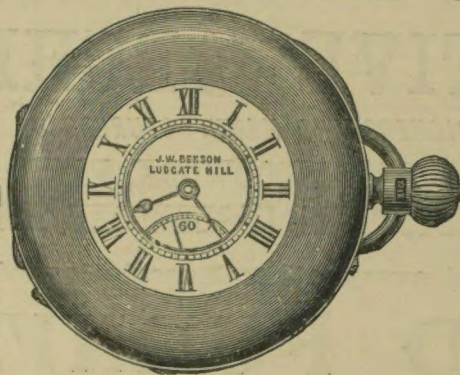
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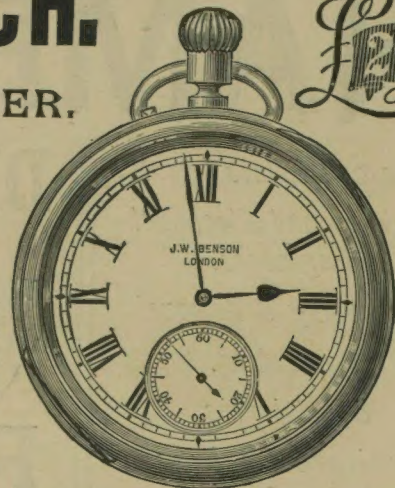
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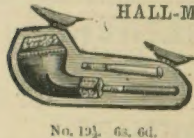
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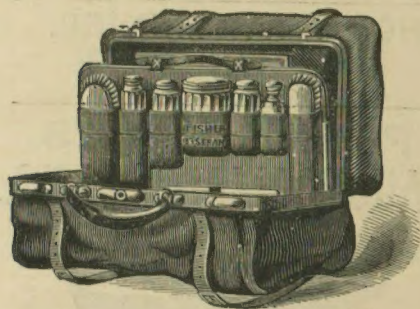
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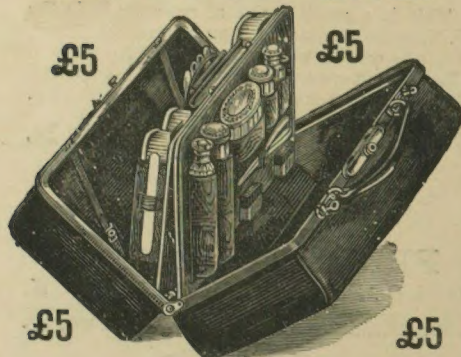
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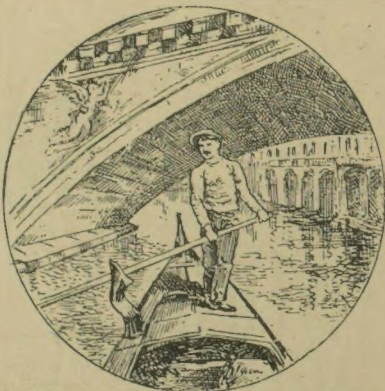
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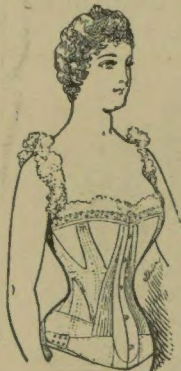
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